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The Mercury.

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JO N P SANBORN, Editors.
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Established June 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. The oldest newspaper in the country, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is the first quarterly weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting news, editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household advice, reaching so many households in this and other States. The illustrated space advertising is very valuable.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, it was voted to discontinue the practice of sending fire apparatus into Middletown, and that response for calls for aid be in the discretion of the Mayor. This action followed the recommendation of the committee, which found that many unnecessary calls had been sent in, involving expense which the town of Middletown was loath to pay.

The committee on the claim of Mrs. Vera Cook for damages as the result of a fall on the sidewalk on Broadway recommended that she be given leave to withdraw, and the recommendation was adopted.

A great deal of miscellaneous business was transacted. The Street Commissioner was authorized to purchase an Elgin street sweeper, and the city deposits were awarded to the Aquidneck National Bank.

CALLED TO EMMANUEL

The vestry of Emmanuel Church has unanimously voted to extend a call to the rectorate to Rev. Francis K. Little of Rhinebeck, N. Y., and it is expected that the call will be accepted. A committee from the church has been very busy ever since Rev. Mr. Forster tendered his resignation, in an effort to secure the right man for his successor. A number of visits have been paid to Episcopal churches in other places, with the result that Rev. Mr. Little was the unanimous choice of the committee and the vestry gave its approval to their recommendation.

The January session of the Newport Convocation of Episcopal churches was held at Kay Chapel Wednesday, with Bishop Perry presiding. Considerable business was transacted and there was a very interesting address by Rev. Dr. A. A. Gilman, president of Boone University, Hankow, China, who told many unknown facts about the Chinese republic. The ladies of Trinity parish served a supper for the delegates.

The membership dinner of the Chamber of Commerce will be held at the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening next, and a Forum with the Farmers is planned for the same evening. The speakers will include Mr. Willard S. Munson, whose topic will be "Marketing in General." County Agent James E. Knott, Jr., and President I. Lincoln Sherman of the Newport County Fair.

A visitor in town who was picked up on Ocean avenue a few nights ago was wanted by the Massachusetts authorities for breaking and entering a summer cottage near Taunton. When arrested in Newport he was found to be armed and was sentenced to 60 days in jail. Upon the expiration of his term the Massachusetts police will probably be waiting for him.

The Hunter Avenue Improvement Association has been chartered by the Secretary of State for the purpose of developing the Hunter avenue section of Newport. The incorporators are Lewis A. Armistead, Harry G. Wilks, Robert S. Hayes, Howard Mather and John W. Eisler.

Street Commissioner John F. Sullivan proposes to tender his resignation as a member of the representative council, in order to avoid the complication of holding another city office.

GROTTO PATROL WINS CUP

Kolah Grotto Patrol has one hand firmly clasped about the Edward A. Sherman Cup, having won the first competitive drill at the State Armory on Thursday evening, defeating the Commandery Drill Corps in a close and interesting contest in the presence of an immense crowd that filled every corner of the large Armory. Interest in the event ran high, and the enthusiasm of the crowd was a contributing factor to the loss by the Drill Corps, as the men were unable to hear one command of their Captain and were for a moment at a loss.

It is no disparagement to either team to say that they were very evenly matched and that the competition was well worth seeing.

The Grotto Patrol came on the floor first as the result of lot, and the men made a splendid showing in their striking uniforms. Under the command of Lieutenant Winfield S. Congdon, they went through their drill with accuracy and precision and won the hearty applause of the crowd. They showed the results of weeks of steady training and not a person in the hall begrimed them the honors that they won.

Then came the Commandery Drill Corps, under Captain William M. Thompson, in their characteristic Templar uniform of black. They, too, were heartily applauded and it was this applause that contributed to their undoing, for at a critical moment a command was lost, resulting not only in a loss of points, but shaking the morale of the men. However, they gave a splendid exhibition of well trained men and have no reason to feel discouraged at losing the first event.

The judges, Major Gooding Packard, U. S. A., Captain James C. McLean, U. S. M. C., and Boatswain John H. Nevers, U. S. N., were unanimous in their award and there was no discussion.

Immediately following the drill the Kolah Grotto units were drawn up, with the Commandery Drill Corps as honorary guard, and Congressman Clark Burdick presented to the Grotto a handsome American flag. He delivered a very pleasing patriotic address, and Monarch William H. Bevans accepted the colors in behalf of the Grotto.

Colonel Edward A. Sherman, donor of the Cup for the competition, then stepped to the front, and after announcing the winner, turned the Cup over to Monarch Bevans, delivering a short address in which he stated his reasons for giving the cup for competition between two organizations of which he is a member. Monarch Bevans again accepted the gift, and turned it over to Lieutenant Congdon.

This completed the military part of the program and the floor was quickly cleared for dancing to music by a large orchestra under Mr. Ray Gross.

The hall was completely filled, the gathering being one of the largest ever assembled in the Armory. Flags and bunting were arranged very attractively, and the orchestra was placed in the center of the hall, surrounded by palms.

Somewhat modified plans for the development of the Beach have been presented to the Beach Commission by the Newport Beach Association, and have received careful study. The Commission is hard at work upon its report, which will be presented to the representative council at a special meeting on January 30. There are a few details yet to be arranged, but the report has so far advanced that the bulk of it is being mimeographed by Deputy City Clerk Callahan, so that it can be distributed to members of the council far enough in advance of the meeting so that it can be thoroughly digested before action is taken.

Ex-Governor Beckman has been in town this week, working on a plan to establish a home for disabled soldiers at Coddington Point. There are now many soldiers under treatment at Howard, and it is felt that conditions there are not exactly what they need.

If Newport gets a new court house, a new hotel, and new ferry boats to improve the means of travel between this city and the west side of Narragansett Bay, things will begin to hum in the old town.

Dr. C. A. Brackett and Mr. Thomas J. Hale Powel were guests of the East Providence Business Men's Association on Monday evening, when they talked on Newport's charter.

The Newport Ministers' Union has sent a letter to Chief Tobin commanding him for his fearless efforts to enforce the law in Newport and pledging him its support for the coming year.

JOHN T. T. CORY

Mr. John T. T. Cory, one of the best known of the older citizens of Newport, died at the Newport Hospital on Sunday after a considerable illness. He was in his eightieth year, and had been in failing health for some time, having been removed to the Newport Hospital a short time before his death.

Mr. Cory had spent practically his entire life in Newport. He was employed for a time as a clerk in the dry goods store of James Hammond on Thames street, and afterward entered the employ of the large carpet house conducted by William C. Cozzens & Co. Here he continued as long as the business was carried on, under several different employers. When the establishment was finally discontinued, he entered the store of John B. DeBlois for a time. For a number of years he had been retired from active work, but he loved to be about the center of the city, and had many friends with whom it was his delight to talk over the events of former days. He was well posted on the history of Newport, and was regarded as an authority on many matters of earlier years. He was one of the oldest members of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows.

He is survived by a sister, Miss Sarah T. Cory, with whom he made his home on Charles street.

THOMAS M. NORMAN

Mr. Thomas M. Norman, one of the older business men of Newport, died at his home on Rhode Island avenue on Thursday, following a short illness. He suffered an apoplectic stroke on Tuesday, and his condition had been regarded as very critical.

Mr. Norman was a native Newporter and had spent his entire life here. He was for many years engaged in the retail shoe trade, having conducted stores under his own name and also having been in the employ of others at different times.

Mr. Norman was a man of very quiet and retiring disposition, and although he had a wide circle of friends he never sought public office. He was treasurer of the corporation of the Channing Memorial Church, and had served for a considerable period as a member of the board of trustees. He was very careful and thorough in whatever he undertook.

He leaves a wife and two daughters—Mrs. Francis A. Corbett and Miss Harriet Norman. He is also survived by two sisters—Mrs. Archibald Sayer and Mrs. Thomas Aylsworth, and one brother, Mr. John A. Norman.

The weather the past month has not been very satisfactory to the coal dealer, but the consumer has little fault to find with it. One month of 1922 has nearly gone and still there is nothing to remind us of the winter we read about, where the snow covered the fences and the thermometer registered below zero many days in succession. Out-door work has suffered little from the weather this winter thus far.

A man who entered the home of Chief of Police Tobin on Spring street on Tuesday evening, and who was taken to the Station by the Chief in person, was later adjudged to be mentally unbalanced and was sent to the State Institutions for treatment.

The annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., will be held next Wednesday evening. The meeting will be preceded by a supper served in the large hall on the lower floor.

The deposits in the savings banks of the State show an increase of \$2,725,746.64 in the last six months.

NEW SHOREHAM

Jan. 4 Jeremiah H. Tourjee 77
Feb. 23 Lydia M. Champin 82
Apr. 20 Alvin H. Sprague 79
Nov. 24 Rufus A. Willis 70
June 6 John Thomas 88
Oct. 1 Matilda R. Mott 71
July 23 Charles E. Allen 71
Aug. 10 Thomas G. Green 82
Aug. 15 Mary E. Smith 84
Oct. 13 Darius B. Dodge 77
Total, 10.

Total number of deaths in New Shoreham in 1921, 22 (3 non-residents).

Total number of births, 11.

Total number of marriages, 8.

LITTLE COMPTON

Jan. 23 Lucy Anna Brown 70
Feb. 20 John Bone, Fall River, 77
Apr. 16 Ann Eliza Wilbour 88
May 16 Agnes McLean Shaw, Providence, 91
Sept. 1 Sara Augusta Taylor 75
Sept. 20 Emilia L. McFadden 77
Sept. 24 Borden Worrell 88
Sept. 25 Charles H. Field 75
Oct. 12 Zoeth H. Sowle, Fall River 94
Nov. 6 Pardon C. Brownell 79
Dec. 17 George M. Potter 81

UNITY CLUB READING

Of Booth Tarkington's Comedy "Clarence"

Last Tuesday evening Channing parlors contained an audience of over 300 people who taxed the capacity of the hall to such an extent that "standing room only" was the order for a large number. The occasion was the reading of that bright and clever comedy by Tarkington, entitled "Clarence," given by members of the Unity Club. It is fair to say that of the readings given thus far this winter, "Clarence" undoubtedly proved the most satisfactory and proved the best performance.

The play is most ingeniously constructed, and is one of considerable difficulty for amateurs to attempt. That it was portrayed delightfully and understandingly is creditable to Mr. H. C. Wilkinson, who was in charge, and to those others who aided in the reading. The subtle humor of the play was admirably brought out from beginning to end by the readers taking part, and the audience was singularly sympathetic in its appreciation of the many bright points and comical situations.

Of the readers themselves, it might be said that Mr. Wilkinson, as Clarence, gave an admirable idea of the peculiar character of the Professor of Entomology and from an eloquent point of view never did better work.

Mrs. Dorothy K. Quinn was the impersonable and unruly school girl, "Cora," to the life. In her scenes with her brother her portrayal was a reflection of life, and when admiring Clarence's curious logic, but finding it "tedious," the idea could not have been improved upon. Her's was a clever piece of difficult dramatic work.

Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, always a favorite at the Unity Club,

was cast for the part of Mrs. Wheeler, and her portrayal of the extreme difficulties and discomforts of being a stepmother were clear cut and convincing. She was best in her scenes with Bobby. Mr. Harold M. Sherman played the irrepressible Bobby in a perfectly delightful manner. The adolescent school boy, with all his frailties, captured the hearts of the entire audience. His work with Clarence, and his constant references for assistance from one who has "been in the Army," were appreciatively given.

The part of Mrs. Martyn was read by a new reader in the Club, Mrs. Edward R. Hass, and she proved to have considerable dramatic power and gave a convincing characterization of her small part. As Mr. Wheeler, the troubled father and tired man of affairs, Mr. C. Leroy Grinnell, who took the part at very short notice, read his lines most acceptably. In the part of "Della," Miss Almira B. Coffin again proved that dramatic genius can make a "big hit" out of even a small part. The soft hearted maid of all work was photographed in her rendition. Mr. Raymond Lawton, who read the part of Hubert Stem, brought to the character that necessary little stiffness that was required of the thwarted grass widower. In Dinnwiddie, the family butler, Mr. Arthur H. Peckham found many lines to provoke hearty laughter, and his sub-conscious remarks on "loose company," and his appeal to the "little bird" were irresistibly amusing.

The part of Violet, round whom most of the men's love affairs center, was in the hands of Miss Rose McCool, a new reader at the Unity Club. This part is singularly delicately drawn by the author of the play, and Miss McCool's portrayal was wholly satisfactory. In the more intimate conversations with Mr. Wheeler, her gentle voice gave the convincing touch required to bring out the points, whereas when she objected to Mr. Wheeler for believing that Clarence's name was Simeon, her suppressed fiery spirit was delightfully prominent. Miss McCool's first effort, on the Unity Club stage gives promise of hopes for her appearance often in the future.

It is not often that amateur performances are put through as smoothly as was this one. The scenery was appropriate, and the fact that no crowding was at any time observable on the little stage is a proof of careful and successful rehearsal, creditable to all.

At the foot of the program Mr. Wilkinson printed this remark: "The Director is indebted to Miss Martha Rider, Miss Elizabeth Oxen, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor and Mr. Raymond Fritz for their kind assistance."

UNITED CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

40 years. Two children were born to them, Mrs. George W. Thurston and Miss Annie Almy of New York, who was home for the celebration. Mrs. Almy's sister, Mrs. James Anthony, and two brothers, Messrs. Wm. and David Coggeshall, were present. Mr. David Coggeshall had come from the Newport Hospital, where he is a patient. Refreshments were served in the dining room by Mrs. Willard Chase, Mrs. Whitney Child, Mrs. Beatrice I. Chase, Jr., and Miss Edith Chase, and Mrs. Frederick Coggeshall, who served tea.

Mr. William A. Lawrence has recently purchased the house and farm which he resides from Mrs. Elwood Anthony.

The new parish house of the Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated on Saturday evening. A supper was served by the ladies of the parish at 8 o'clock. Speeches by former pastors were given, the principal address being given by District Superintendent Rev. L. W. LeBaron of Providence.

Mr. Frank Moiteza has purchased the farm of Mr. Frank Paquin where he has been living for the past three years.

Rev. James P. Conover entertained ten boys of the parish on Monday evening at St. Mary's rectory, when plans were made for a boys' club to be formed next week, with election of officers. Rev. Mr. Conover entertained the boys with games and stories of his experiences overseas as a Red Cross Chaplain in France. An all-day hike is planned for Saturday, January 21, to start at 10 o'clock. Coffee and doughnuts were served.

Miss Grace Hicks has been guest of her cousin, Miss Emily Sellew, in Providence.

An all-day meeting of the Thursday Circle was held at the home of Mrs. John E. Manchester on Quaker Hill.

Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover entertained the teachers and officers of St. Mary's Sunday School at the Rectory on Thursday evening, at supper.

Mrs. Alfred Mott entertained at luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Frederick Webb who, with Mr. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Borden, will start on an extended tour next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Sebri and two children, who have been residing on Sprague street, have moved to New Haven, Conn.

At a recent meeting of the Thursday Circle of St. Mary's Parish, Mrs. George Elliott was re-elected President and Mr. Karl G. Anthony was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Remington of Providence.

Mr. Benjamin Archibald Chase, who had been in poor health for about two years, died at his home on Sprague street, after being confined to his home for about two months. He was the son of the late Constant C. and Mary E. (Roberts) Chase and was born June 8, 1878, one of five children. On June 30, 1915, he married Mrs. Clara Rose of Tiverton, and to them a son, Benjamin A. Chase, Jr., was born. In 1902 Mr. Chase went into the grocery business with his father, and has conducted the business alone since the death of his father. He was a member of Eureka Lodge of Masons. About two weeks ago his mother died. He is survived by a widow, a son and three sisters, Sarah, wife of Archibald Sherman of Newport; Anna, wife of Gould Anthony; and Miss Louise Chase.

The Association has sent to the Newport Hospital a check for \$100 as a mark of appreciation of the services rendered to members of the department.

The local Carpenters' Union has effected an agreement with the contractors on the Rogers High School extension, whereby the carpenters will receive the rate authorized by the local scale, 90 cents an hour, which the contractors have heretofore declined to pay, because they said it was higher than the prevailing rate in other places. Work on the interior of the building is being pushed rapidly and the time of occupancy of at least a portion of the building is not far off.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)
Fiftieth Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy held an informal reception on Monday between 2 and 5 o'clock at their home on Union street. The affair was given by their daughter, Mrs. George W. Thurston, and was the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The rooms were prettily decorated with cut flowers and plants, all being yellow, to represent the golden wedding, with green. In addition to the many flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Almy received hundreds of cards, many gifts in gold, china and linen. They were presented with a large bouquet of

Ramsey Millholland

by
Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Millholland is watching the "Decoration Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil War, endeavours to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness.

CHAPTER II.—In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey was not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his two pronunciations were "arithmetic" and "Recitations." In sharp contrast to Ramsey's awkwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocom, the young girl whom in his bitterness he de-nominates "Teacher's Pet."

CHAPTER III.—In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to dominate her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he would "show" her.

CHAPTER IV.

With Wesley Bender, Ramsey was again upon fair terms before the winter had run its course; the two were neighbours and, moreover, were drawn together by a community of interests which made their reconciliation a necessity. Ramsey played the guitar and Wesley played the mandolin.

All ill feeling between them died with the first dunt of spring, yet the tinkling they made had no charm to soothe the savage breast of Ramsey whenever the Teacher's Pet came into his thoughts. He day-dreamed a thousand ways of putting her to her place, but was unable to carry out any of them, and had but a cobblerly satisfaction in imagining discomfitures for her which remained imaginary. "Just once!" he said to Fred Mitchell. "That's all I ask, just once. Just give me one chance to show that girl what she means to me. I guess if I ever get the chance she'll find out what's the matter with her, for once in her life, anyway." Thus it came to be talked about and understood and expected in Ramsey's circle, all made, that Dora Yocom's day was coming. "You'll see!" said Ramsey. "The time'll come when that ole girl'll wish she'd moved out of this town before she ever got appointed monitor of our class! Just you wait!"

They waited, but conditions appeared to remain unfavorable indefinitely. Perhaps the great opportunity might have arrived if Ramsey had been able to achieve a startling importance in any of the "various divergent yet parallel lines of school endeavor"—one of the phrases by means of which teachers and principal clogged the minds of their untrained auditors. But though he was far from being the dumb driven beast of misfortune that he seemed in the schoolroom, and, in fact, lived a double life, exhibiting in his out-of-school hours a remarkable example of "secondary personality"—a creature fearing nothing and capable of laughter; blue eyed, fairly robust, and anything but dumb—he was nevertheless without endowment or attainment great enough to get him distinction.

He "tried for" the high-school eleven, and "tried for" the nine, but the experts were not long in eliminating him from either of these competitions, and he had to content himself with cheering instead of getting cheered. He was by no manner of means athletic, or enough of anything else, to put Dora Yocom in her place, and so he and the great opportunity were still waiting in May, at the end of the second year of high school, when the class, now the "10 A," reverted to an old fashion and decided to entertain itself with a woodland picnic.

They gathered upon the sandy banks of a creek in the huge shade of big, patchy-barked sycamores, with a dancing sky on top of everything and gold dust awinkles over the water. Either the napkin-covered baskets were brought from the wagons and assembled in the shade, where they appeared as an attractive little meadow of white napery, and gave both surprise and pleasure to communities of ants and to other original settlers of the neighborhood.

From this nucleus or headquarters of the picnic, various expeditions set forth up and down the creek and through the woods that bordered it. Two envied boy fishermen established themselves upon a bank up-stream, with hooks and lines thoughtfully brought with them, and poles which they fashioned from young saplings. They took mussels from the shallows, for bait, and having gone to all this trouble, declined to share with friends less energetic and provident the perquisites and pleasures secured to themselves.

Albert Paxton was one person who proved his enterprise. Having visited the spot some days before, he had hired for his exclusive use throughout the duration of the picnic an old row-boat belonging to a shanty squatter; it was the only rowboat within a mile or two and Albert had his own uses for it. Albert was the class lover and, after first taking the three chaperon teachers "out for a row," an excursion concluded in about ten minutes, he disembarked them; Sadie Clews stepped into the boat, a pocket camera in one hand, a tennis racket in the other; and the two spent the rest of the day, except for the intervals, solemn-

ly drifting along the banks or grounded on a shoal. Now and then Albert would row a few strokes, and at almost any time when the populated shore glanced toward them, Sadie would be seen photographing Albert, or Albert would be seen photographing Sadie, but the tennis racket remained an enigma. They were sixteen, and had been "engaged" more than two years.

On the borders of the little meadow of baskets there had been deposited two black shapes, which remained undisturbed throughout the day, a closed guitar case and a closed mandolin case, no doubt containing each its proper instrument. So far as my use of these went they seemed to be of the same leisure class to which Sadie's tennis racket belonged, for when one of the teachers suggested music, the musicians proved shy. Wesley Bender said they hadn't learned to play anything much and, besides, he had a couple of broken strings he didn't know how to fix up; and Ramsey said he guessed it seemed kind of too hot to play much. Joaling friends, they organized a contest in marksmanship, the target being a floating can which they assaulted with pebbles; and after that they "skipped" flat stones upon the surface of the water, then went to join a group gathered about Willis Parker and Heinie Krusemeyer.

No fish had been caught, a lack of luck grossly attributed by the fishermen to the noise made by constant ad-

visee on the part of their attendant gallery. Messrs. Millholland, Bender, and the other rock throwers came up shouting, and were all received.

"For heaven's sakes!" Heinie Krusemeyer demanded, "can't you shut up?"

Here we just first got the girls to keep

their mouths shut a minute and I almost had a big pickerel or something

on my hook, and here you got to up and yell so he chases himself away!

For the first time in his life he felt that eating fried chicken held in the fingers was not to be thought of. He replaced the "drumstick" upon his plate and allowed it to remain there untouched, in spite of a great hunger for it.

Having looked down, he now found difficulty in looking up, but gazed steadily at his plate, and into this limited circle of vision came Millie's delicate and rosy fingers bearing a gift.

"There," she said in a motherly little voice. "It's a lontou mayonnaise sandwich and I made it myself. I want you to eat it, Ramsey."

His own fingers approached tremulously as he accepted the thick sandwich from her and conveyed it to his mouth. A moment later his soul filled with horror, for a sport of mayonnaise dressing had caused a catastrophe the scene of which occupied no inconceivable area of his right cheek, which was the cheek toward Millie. He groped wretchedly for his handkerchief but could not find it; he had lost it. Sudden death would have been relief; he was sure that after such grotesquerie Millie could never bear to have anything more to do with him; he was ruined.

In his anguish he felt a paper napkin pressed gently into his hand; a soft voice said in his ear, "Wipe it off with this, Ramsey. Nobody's noticing."

So this treacherously charitable creature was still able to be his friend, even after seeing him mayonnaised! Humidly marveling, he did as she told him, but avoided all further risks. He ate nothing more.

He sighed his first sigh of inexpressibility, had a chill or so along the spine, and at intervals his brow was lowered.

Within his averted eyes there dwelt not the Millie Rust who sat beside him, but an iridescent, fragile creature who had become angelic.

He spent the rest of the day dawdling helplessly about her; wherever she went he was near, as near as possible, but of no deliberate volition of his own. Something seemed to him to her, and Millie was nothing loath.

He seldom looked at her directly, or for longer than an instant, and more rarely still did he speak to her except as a reply. What few remarks he ventured upon his own initiative nearly all concerned the landscape, which he commented repeatedly in a weak voice, as "kind of pretty," though once he said he guessed there might be bugs in the bark of a log on which they sat; and he became so immoderately personal as to declare that if the bugs had to get on anybody he'd rather they got on him than on Millie. She said that was "just perfectly lovely" of him, asked where he got his sweet nature, and in other ways encouraged him to continue the revelation, but Ramsey was unable to get forward with it, though he opened and closed his mouth a great many times in the effort to do so.

At five o'clock everybody was summoned again to the rendezvous for a ceremony preliminary to departure; the class found itself in a large circle, standing, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Ordinarily, on such an open-air and out-of-school occasion, Ramsey would have joined the chorus upbraidingly with the utmost blatancy of which his vocal apparatus was capable; and most of the other boys expressed their humor by drowning out the serious efforts of the girls; but he sang feebly, not much more than humming through his teeth. Standing beside him, he was incapable of his former inelegances and his voice was in a semi-paralyzed condition, like the rest of his body.

Opposite him, across the circle, Dora Yocom stood a little in advance of those near her, for of course she led the singing. Her clear and earnest voice was distinguishable from all others, and though she did not glance toward Ramsey he had a queer feeling that she was assuming more superiority than ever, and that she was likely scornful of him and Millie. The old resentment rose—he'd "show" that girl yet, some day!

Yet something must have been seen, for everyone appeared to take it for granted that he was to sit next to Millie at the pastoral meal. She herself understood it, evidently, for she drew in her packed skirts and without any words made a place for him beside her as he driftingly approached her, affecting to whistle and keeping

his eyes on the foliage overhead. He still looked upward, even in the act of sitting down.

"Squirrel or something," he said feebly, as if in explanation.

"Where?" Millie asked.

"Up there on a branch," he said accepted a plite from her (she had provided himself with an extra one), but he did not look at it or at her. He continued to keep his eyes aloft, because he imagined that all of the class were looking at him and Millie, and he felt unable to meet such publicity. It was to him as if the whole United States had been scandalized to attention by this act of his in going to sit beside Millie; he gazed upward so long that his eye-balls became sensitive under the strain. He began to blink. "I can't make out whether it's squirrel or just some leaves that kind of got fixed like one," he said. "I can't make out yet which it is, but I guess when there's a breeze, if it's a squirrel he'll probably blow around some then, if he's alive or anything."

It had begun to seem that his eyes must remain fixed in that upward stare forever; he wanted to bring them down, but could not face the glare of the world. But finally the brightness of the sky between the leaves settled matters for him; he sneezed, wept, and for a little moment again faced his fellowmen. No one was looking at him; everybody except Millie had other things to do.

Having sneezed involuntarily, he added a spell of coughing for which there was no necessity. "I guess I must have been wrong," he muttered thickly.

"What about, Ramsey?"

"About it's him, a squirrel." With infinite thudly he turned his head and encountered a gaze so soft, so haltered, that it disconcerted him, and he dropped a "drumstick" of fried chicken, well dotted with nuts, from his plate. Scarlet he picked it up, but did not eat it. For the first time in his life he felt that eating fried chicken held in the fingers was not to be thought of. He replaced the "drumstick" upon his plate and allowed it to remain there untouched, in spite of a great hunger for it.

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His own fingers approached tremulously as he accepted the thick sandwich from her and conveyed it to his mouth. A moment later his soul filled with horror, for a sport of mayonnaise dressing had caused a catastrophe the scene of which occupied no inconceivable area of his right cheek, which was the cheek toward Millie. He groped wretchedly for his handkerchief but could not find it; he had lost it. Sudden death would have been relief; he was sure that after such grotesquerie Millie could never bear to have anything more to do with him; he was ruined.

In his anguish he felt a paper napkin pressed gently into his hand; a soft voice said in his ear, "Wipe it off with this, Ramsey. Nobody's noticing."

So this treacherously charitable creature was still able to be his friend, even after seeing him mayonnaised! Humidly marveling, he did as she told him, but avoided all further risks. He ate nothing more.

He sighed his first sigh of inexpressibility, had a chill or so along the spine, and at intervals his brow was lowered.

Within his averted eyes there dwelt not the Millie Rust who sat beside him, but an iridescent, fragile creature who had become angelic.

He spent the rest of the day dawdling helplessly about her; wherever she went he was near, as near as possible, but of no deliberate volition of his own. Something seemed to him to her, and Millie was nothing loath.

He seldom looked at her directly, or for longer than an instant, and more rarely still did he speak to her except as a reply. What few remarks he ventured upon his own initiative nearly all concerned the landscape, which he commented repeatedly in a weak voice, as "kind of pretty," though once he said he guessed there might be bugs in the bark of a log on which they sat; and he became so immoderately personal as to declare that if the bugs had to get on anybody he'd rather they got on him than on Millie. She said that was "just perfectly lovely" of him, asked where he got his sweet nature, and in other ways encouraged him to continue the revelation, but Ramsey was unable to get forward with it, though he opened and closed his mouth a great many times in the effort to do so.

At five o'clock everybody was summoned again to the rendezvous for a ceremony preliminary to departure; the class found itself in a large circle, standing, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Ordinarily, on such an open-air and out-of-school occasion, Ramsey would have joined the chorus upbraidingly with the utmost blatancy of which his vocal apparatus was capable; and most of the other boys expressed their humor by drowning out the serious efforts of the girls; but he sang feebly, not much more than humming through his teeth. Standing beside him, he was incapable of his former inelegances and his voice was in a semi-paralyzed condition, like the rest of his body.

Opposite him, across the circle, Dora Yocom stood a little in advance of those near her, for of course she led the singing. Her clear and earnest voice was distinguishable from all others, and though she did not glance toward Ramsey he had a queer feeling that she was assuming more superiority than ever, and that she was likely scornful of him and Millie. The old resentment rose—he'd "show" that girl yet, some day!

Yet something must have been seen, for everyone appeared to take it for granted that he was to sit next to Millie at the pastoral meal. She herself understood it, evidently, for she drew in her packed skirts and without any words made a place for him beside her as he driftingly approached her, affecting to whistle and keeping

his eyes on the foliage overhead. He still looked upward, even in the act of sitting down.

"Well-g-by."

"Why, no," said Millie. "Anyway, not yet. You can go back in the same wagon with me. It's going to stop at the school and let us all out there, and then you could walk home with me if you feel like it."

"Well—well, I'd be perfectly willing," Ramsey said. "Only I heard we all had to go back in whatever wagon we came out in, and I didn't come in the same one with you, so—"

Millie laughed and leaned toward him a little. "I already tended to that," she said confidentially. "I asked Johnnie Fiske, that came out in my wagon to go back in yours, so that makes room for you."

"Well—then I guess I could do it."

He moved toward the wagon with her. "I expect it don't make much difference one way or the other."

"And you can carry my basket if you want to," she said, adding solicitously, "unless it's too heavy when you already got your guitar case to carry, Ramsey."

This thoughtfulness of hers almost overcame him; she said divinely,

"I'll be glad to carry the basket, too," he faltered. "It—it don't weigh anything much."

"Well, let's hurry, so's we can get places together."

Then, as she maneuvered him through the little crowd about the wagon, with a soft push this way and a gentle pull that, and hurried him up the improvised steps and found a place where there was room for them both to sit, Ramsey had another breathless sensation heretofore unknown to him. He found himself taken under a dove-like protection; a wonderful, incomprehensible being seemed to have become his proprietor.

"Isn't this just perfectly lovely?" she said cozily, close to his ear.

He swallowed, but found no words, for he had no thoughts; he was only an incoherent tumult. This was his first love.

"Isn't it, Ramsey?" she urged. The cozy voice had just the hint of a reproach. "Don't you think it's just perfectly lovely, Ramsey?"

"Yes'm."

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Ramsey came into his father's room while Mr. Millholland was shaving, an hour before church time, and it became apparent that the son had something on his mind, though for a while he said nothing.

"Did you want anything, Ramsey?"

"Well—"

"Didn't want to borrow my razors?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Millholland chuckled. "I hardly supposed so seriously! Shaving is a great nuisance and the longer you keep

him from the pavement below. They were kind enough not to come to an absolute halt, but passed slowly on, so that he was just able to avoid passing up the street in front of them.

In house whispers, Mrs. Millholland chided her husband for an exclamation he had uttered. "John! On Sunday! You ought to be ashamed!"

"I couldn't help it," he exclaimed.

"Who on earth is his clinging violin? Why, she's got inventor tops on her shoes and—"

"Don't look round!" she warned him sharply. "Don't!"

"Well, what's he doing at Baptist church? What's he doing at his handkerchief about? Why can't he walk like people? Does he think it's obligatory to walk home from church anchored arm-in-arm like Swedes on Sunday Out? Who is this cow-eyed fat girl that's got him, anyhow?"

"Hush! Don't look round again, John!"

"Never fear I" said her husband, having disobeyed. "They've turned off; they're crossing over to Bullard street. Who is it?"

"I think her name's Rust," Mrs. Millholland informed him. "I don't know what her father does. She's one of the girls in his class at school. It would be pleasant if he'd taken a fancy to someone whose family belongs to our own circle."

"Taken a fancy!" he echoed, laughing. "Why, he's terrible! He looks like a red-gilled goldfish that's stopped itself out of the bowl! Why, he—"

"I say I wish

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
WEEK DAYS—4:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.
SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.

A Study in State Bread.

It is suggested that bread can be kept fresh by placing it in a fireless cooker immediately after it is removed from the oven. This suggestion has been made by Prof. J. R. Katz of Amherst, who has been trying to discover what makes bread grow stale. He has found that low temperature is the chief cause. Bread kept at 140 degrees F. was quite fresh in the end of 48 hours; but when the temperature was reduced to 122 degrees the bread began to grow stale, and continued to increase in staleness down to about three degrees below the freezing point.

Poetry and Reality.

It is one of the misfortunes of progress that the tomb of Lalla Boulh is not in Kashmir, but "the crystal pools of Shalimar," but close to one of the rumbling little railroads that are modernizing Hindustan. Of course, the daughter of Arunachch does not lie there, but it is no poetical location for even a legendary tomb of such a heroine.—New York Evening Post.

Tangled in His Adjectives.

At the close of a suburban political meeting the other evening the customary votes of thanks were being given, when one of the speakers electrified the gathering by asking those present to accord "a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. X— for the able manner in which he has discharged the erroneous duties of chairman of this meeting."

Awful Thought.

A young woman was dining at a strange house. On the table was a dish of boiled onions and when her hostess was serving these and remarked that, of course, she liked them, the young woman replied enthusiastically: "Oh, yes, indeed; if there is one vegetable I like it is oiled onions." Just think, if her hostess' husband had been a chiropractor!—Boston Transcript.

Lines to Be Remembered.

In the course of their development all creatures have become fitted to their surroundings. Man is adapted to the world he lives in. His processes ordinarily give him satisfaction. Even when they bring frustration and sorrow, the facts may be faced with nobility of soul, and with courage, through the spiritual resources of his command.—Exchange.

"When Greek Meets Greek."

The expression, "When Greek meets Greek," slightly altered, is derived from the line, "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." The quotation is from the drama of "Alexander the Great," by Nathaniel Lee (1855-1892), and refers to the stubborn resistance offered by the cities of Greece to Philip, and Alexander of Macedon.

Paradise for Hunters.

Louisiana has set aside the Pass-a'-l'Outre public shooting ground for the enjoyment of the wild-towl hunter of moderate means. The tract of 60,000 acres is at the mouth of the Mississippi and gives the everyday sportsman the same opportunities formerly enjoyed only by members of the exclusive hunting clubs in the vicinity. The open season will be from November 1 to January 31, and each hunter is permitted a bag of 25 ducks a day. About 100 hunters will be admitted to the grounds at a time.

VENTILATION IS IMPORTANT

Carbonic Gas Constantly Forming In Poultry House Must Be Carried Away at Once.

It doesn't take long for the air in a poultry house to become poisonous and unhealthy. Carbonic acid gas is forming constantly and as the air becomes laden with this gas it must be carried out by a proper ventilating system and replaced by pure, fresh air.

Habits of the Birds.

Most birds' faults do not keep together, but scatter upon leaving the nest. But the bluejay, bluebird, the kingbird and a few others less generally known live together the greater part of the year.

Not Familiar Situation.

Tramp (to comrade)—"Say, I have dreamed twice lately that I have been at work. If it happens again I shall buy a dream book to see whether it means anything!"—Karikaturen, Christiaan.

The Latin Quarter of Paris.

The Latin quarter of Paris lies on the south side of the Seine. It is the center of institutions of learning, and in this section live the thousands of students who study in Paris.

Playing Safe.

He—if you loved me, why did you at first refuse me?

She—I wanted to see how you would act.

"But I might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation."

"I locked the door."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

RAMSAY MILHOLLAND

Ramsey was already dangerously distended, as an effect of the earlier part of her discourse, and the word "fastidious" almost exploded him; but upon this climax, "Dora Yocum," he blew up with a shattering report and leaving fragments of incoherence retching behind him, fled shuddering from the house.

For the rest of the school term he walked home with Milla every afternoon and on Sundays appeared to have become a resolute Baptist. It was supposed (by the interested members of the high-school class) that Ramsey and Milla were "engaged." Ramsey sometimes rather supposed they were himself, and the dim idea gave him a sensation partly pleasant, but mostly apprehensive; he was afraid.

He was afraid that the day was coming when he ought to kiss her.

CHAPTER VI

Vacation, in spite of increased leisure, may bring inconvenience to people in Ramsey's strange but not uncommon condition. At home his constant air was that of a hardened captive placidly silent under injustice; and he found it difficult to reply easily when asked where he was going—an inquiry addressed to him, he asserted, every time he touched his cap, even to bring it up!

The amount of evening walking he did must also have been a trial to his nerves, on account of fatigue, though the ground covered was not vast. Milla's mother and father were friendly people, but saw no reason to "move out of house and home," as Mr. Rust said, when Milla had "lefters"; and on account of the intimate plan of their small dwelling a visitor's only alternative to spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rust as well as with Milla, was to invite her to "go out walking."

Evening after evening they walked and walked and walked, usually in company—at perhaps the distance of half a block—with Albert Paxton and Sadie Clews, though Ramsey now and then felt disgraced by having fallen into this class; for sometimes it was apparent that Albert casually had his arm about Sadie's waist. This allured Ramsey somewhat, but terrified him more. He didn't know how such matters were managed.

Usually the quartet had no destination; they just went "out walking" until ten o'clock, when both girls had to be home—and the boys did, too, but never admitted it. On Friday evenings there was a "public open-air concert" by a brass band in a small park, and the four were always there.

Milla hung weightily upon his arm, and they dallied, drifting from one side of the pavement to the other as they slowly advanced. Albert and Sadie, ahead of them, called "good night" from a corner, before turning down the side street where Sadie lived; and then, presently, Ramsey and Milla were at the latter's gate. He went in with her, halting at the front steps.

"Well, good night, Milla," he said. "Want to go out walking tomorrow night? Albert and Sadie are."

"I can't tomorrow night," she told him with obvious regret. "Isn't it the worst luck! I got an aunt come to visit from Chicago, and she's crazy about playing 'Five Hundred,' and mama and papa said I had to stay in to make four to play it. She's liable to be here three or four days, and I guess I got to be around home pretty much all the time she's here. It's the worst luck!"

He was doleful, but ventured to be literary. "Well, what can't be helped must be endured. I'll come around when she's gone."

He moved as if to depart, but she still retained his arm and did not prepare to relinquish it.

"Well," he said,

"Well what, Ramsey?"

"Well, good night."

She glanced up at the dark front of the house. "I guess the family's gone to bed," she said absently.

"I'm sorry."

"Well, good night, Ramsey."

She said this but still did not release his arm, and suddenly, in a fluster, he felt that the time he dreaded had come. Somehow, without knowing where, except that it was somewhere upon what seemed to be a blurred face too full of obstructing features, he kissed her.

She turned instantly away in the darkness, her hands over her cheeks; and in a panic Ramsey wondered if he hadn't made a dreadful mistake.

"Excuse me!" he said, stumbling toward the gate. "Well, I guess I got to be gettin' along back home."

He woke in the morning to a great self-loathing; he had kissed a girl. Mingled with the loathing was a curious pride in the very fact that caused the loathing, but the pride did not last long. He came downstairs morbid to breakfast, and concluded this meal.

"I'm goin' to finish pressin' these trousers," Albert interrupted. "Then I've got my breakfast to eat."

"Well, you could do this first," said Ramsey, hurriedly. "It wouldn't hurt you to do me this little favor first. You just slip over and see Milla for me, if she's up yet, and if she isn't, better wait around till she is, because I want you to tell her I'm a whole lot better this morning. Tell her I'm pretty near practicly all right again, Albert, and I'll probly write her a note or something right soon—or a week or so, anyhow. You tell her."

"Well, you took me in," his friend said breathlessly. "I got a favor. I want you to go over to Milla's."

"I'm goin' to finish pressin' these trousers," Albert interrupted. "Then I've got my breakfast to eat."

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Established 1749

The Mercury

Newport, R. I.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Local Telephone 11-1111
Long Distance Telephone 11-1111

Saturday, January 21, 1922

Government Victory bonds, both denominations, are now selling above par. They will sell much higher yet. Uncle Sam's credit is growing better every day.

There were manufactured and sold last year 1,023,000 Ford cars. This year Ford promises a bigger output than ever. It will get so soon that unless a beggar rides in a Ford he will not be much of a beggar.

The days are now 9 hours and 37 minutes long, having lengthened 31 minutes from the shortest day. The sun sets tonight at 4:45 o'clock, which is 32 minutes later than the shortest day.

If the zoning commission can stop the building of stores, public garages and other undesirable structures in the residential portion of the city, then the sooner such a commission, with power, is created the better it will be for Newport.

The Bar Association of Rhode Island has sent to the General Assembly a unanimous protest against the passage of the bill creating two extra judges for the Superior Court, claiming that the increase is not needed. Most people knew that to be a fact.

There is a strong feeling in Congress, as well as all over the country, that railroad rates, both passenger and freight, are too high and should be lowered without any unnecessary delay. Several bills making such reduction compulsory have already been introduced in both houses.

A bill has been introduced into the General Assembly by an East Providence member to re-apportion the members of the house of representatives in accordance with the census of 1920. By this move East Providence expects to gain one member. It is not certain on which town or city the loss will fall.

The World Almanac for 1922 claims that the presidential expenses of certain well known candidates foot up \$2,980,000. Among the number it gives General Leonard Wood's expenses as \$1,773,300, Nicholas Murray Butler's as \$40,585, A. Mitchell Palmer's as \$59,610, and so on through a long list of well known names. It is a little difficult for the ordinary man to see where these men got their money's worth from this expenditure.

It would seem that the government at Washington did not know itself what to do with its valuable Coddington Point property. The latest rumor is that it is to be converted into a training station for the merchant marine to be operated under the Veterans' Bureau. This property is altogether too valuable to be scrapped. There are many things for which the Government could use it to great advantage, not only to itself, but to this community as well. To scrap such a valuable plant, costing as it did nearly \$6,000,000, would be little better than criminal.

New England is fast losing its prestige as the leader of the Nation. A few years ago she had in the U. S. Senate men who were natural born leaders. With an Hale and Frye from Maine, Gallinger from New Hampshire, Edmunds and Morrill from Vermont, Sumner and Hoar from Massachusetts, Anthony and Aldrich from Rhode Island, Hawley from Connecticut, there was a team that could not easily be beaten, in fact when that team pulled together it never was beaten.

Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was long not only the leader of the Senate, but the general manager of the United States. Now, besides Lodge of Massachusetts, New England has no man in Congress of a national reputation; and Lodge is not what might be termed a great and successful leader. The control of this Nation is fast passing to the great West.

There are many rumors in the air as to what is going to be done with the government training station on Coasters Harbor Island. The latest is that it is to be selected as the land base for a nautical school for the training of former service men for the American Merchant Marine. This place is certainly well adapted for such an institution. We should be pleased to see it used for such a purpose. There is another rumor afloat to the effect that next summer the size of the class at the War College will not only be doubled, but in addition a new class for junior officers of the Navy will be formed here which will be larger than any class that has yet been here. This class for the junior officers, it is said, has been long under consideration. It would seem to be a very important move to fit men for future service. Coasters Harbor Island would seem to be the one spot in the whole country best fitted for such an institution.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME AGAIN

At least ninety per cent of the people of Rhode Island want the daylight saving plan, which has been the time in the cities and large towns in the State for several years, continued indefinitely. They desire the plan to begin in March and last seven months. Senator Sherman's bill, which he this week introduced in the State Senate, forbidding any town or city in the State the right to adopt the daylight saving plan, should not be allowed to pass. Each municipality should be allowed to act for itself. It is not "standard" at all. Neither is it true time. It is simply railroad time, adopted some years ago, for the benefit of the railroads of the country. In this vicinity it is sixteen minutes behind the sun. It is very difficult for nine-tenths of the population of the State to understand why the other tenth object so strenuously to daylight time, especially as that other tenth is supposed to get up with the sun, regardless of the clock.

It begins to look as though Congress might soon take some action looking towards the enforcement of the 14th amendment of the Constitution in the South. This amendment, which gave the colored people the right to vote, has been glaringly defied for years. To show the injustice of the present condition of things: The State of South Carolina east but 66,160 votes in the last election, yet that State has two senators and eight representatives in Congress; while in the Northern States more than 65,000 votes are required to elect one representative. The eleven Southern States, casting less than five per cent of the votes of the country, have nearly thirty per cent of the voting strength of the house of representatives. This is utterly wrong.

Ex-President Wilson told an admiring crowd the other day that now that his pet League of Nations had been scrapped by Congress this nation would have to look out for itself. Well, we reckon that we are capable of doing it. Our Uncle Sam needs no assistance from any of the old world nations. And if they can get along in the future without our assistance it will please us still more. In any case, we do not see where the League of Nations is going to help us. On the other hand, we can readily see where it might get us into no end of trouble by compelling us to go to the aid of any and every nation of Europe when it got into trouble. We think the League of Nations is well scrapped and we trust that it will be allowed to remain in the scrap heap.

In January, 1917, during the Wilson administration, the Census Bureau published an estimate of the population of the country. Six months later, when the draft was ordered, the Bureau made another estimate. This time, in order to favor the States which elected Wilson, the Bureau made it appear that in the interval of six months, fourteen Northern States had grown in population 6,970,693, while the same number of Southern States had lost 3,716,601 in population. This gross juggling with figures was for the sole purpose of putting the greatest burden of the war on the Northern States.

Sixteen of Uncle Sam's battleships, cruisers and monitors have just been sold to be scrapped. They are the Maine, Missouri, and Wisconsin, battleships; the Memphis, Denver, and Columbia, cruisers; and several well known monitors. The ships cost the government many millions of dollars. They were sold for a few thousands. None of these were old vessels, as far as time goes, but as far as naval service is concerned they have passed their usefulness.

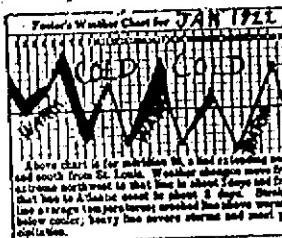
The proposed dredging of the St. Lawrence river so as to make it possible for a passage of ocean going vessels from the Great Lakes to the sea is meeting with strong opposition in Congress. It is proposed by the advocates of this enterprise that the expense be borne jointly by this country and Canada. This plan, if completed, would benefit New England, but the great Middle States have no sides.

They have a minister out in Iowa who is the sheriff of the county. He has become his duty to hang two criminals, and he is in a quandary. He is not sure the hanging of criminals is in harmony with preaching the gospel, but as the sheriff's birth pays better than preaching, he is going to resign from preaching and do the hanging.

"Woonsocket bakers lower prices of bread!" Such is the headline in the Providence papers. On reading the article we find the reduction to be the magnificent sum of half a cent a loaf! The prices of bread and all other kinds of food stuffs went up on stilts, but they seem to be coming down on crutches.

Providence has just discovered three cases of small pox in that city. It is a singular fact that the Mercury of fifty years ago today reported the same number of similar cases in that city.

T. Barton Akeley, a junior in Brown University, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in North Tiverton.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1922.

The week centering on Jan 20 will average warmer than usual on meridian 90 from the Gulf of Mexico to the far north. The high temperature of that disturbance will be in north-

ern Canada Jan. 21, on 90° W. along meridian 90 Jan. 29, and in

will be in northwestern Canada near Jan. 29, on meridian 90 Jan. 31, eastern sections, Feb. 2.

Last week of January will bring to meridian 90 one of the three warmest periods of the month and the week centering Jan. 22 has been counted as the coldest of the month on meridian 90. All these weather features reach the far west and far northwest about two days before and eastern sections about two days after they cross meridian 90. Those who are studying weather problems will not readily understand how or why the temperatures rise in the far south

the far north along meridian 90

the same time and why the same thing does not occur in any other section of the continent.

Those whose business it is to produce grain, cotton and live stock are quick to understand the laws of Nature that produce our weather changes and I am making it a specialty to teach them. When the storm center, called the low, comes into the far northwest and begins to reach meridian 90 it is moving southward and exactly at the same time the winds that carry the moisture from the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico to that low begin to blow northward, thus carrying north the warm air of the tropics. But as the storm center moves eastward across the continent the place in the Gulf and Sea where the moisture is lifted remains stationary.

Rather quiet last part of January; not much rain or snow; bad for winter wear. These conditions will continue, with warmer than usual, till the week centering on Feb. 12.

As a general average we have nothing to fear as to the crops of North America for 1922, altho some considerable sections must fail, but Europe?? The whole world is vastly interested in this year's European crops. They will be a very great failure or a very great success. I cannot afford to say, publicly, which. I am placing the bets in the keeping of about 100 reliable people in order that I may have witnesses that I know, now, what will happen European crops in 1922.

Might Change the Magazines.

The waiting patient is not always a patient walter.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

A2830-\$1.00
Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox TrotA2879-\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W.

Eh There—Fox Trot

A2883-\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot

Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2895-\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot

Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2898-\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson

C.U.B.A.—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar, JANUARY, 1922

STANDARD TIME.

| Sun. | Mon. | Moon. | High Water | |
|---------|---------|---------|------------|---------|
| rises | sets | rises | Morn. | Eve. |
| 21 Sat. | 22 Sun. | 23 Mon. | 24 Tues. | 25 Wed. |
| 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 |
| 2:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 |
| 2:21 | 3:21 | 4:21 | 5:21 | 6:21 |
| 3:18 | 4:18 | 5:18 | 6:18 | 7:18 |
| 3:28 | 4:28 | 5:28 | 6:28 | 7:28 |
| 3:23 | 4:23 | 5:23 | 6:23 | 7:23 |
| 4:31 | 5:31 | 6:31 | 7:31 | 8:31 |
| 5:14 | 6:14 | 7:14 | 8:14 | 9:14 |
| 6:25 | 7:25 | 8:25 | 9:25 | 10:25 |
| 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 |
| 5:50 | 6:50 | 7:50 | 8:50 | 9:50 |
| 6:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 |
| 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 |

First Quarter, Jan. 6th, 5:25 morn.

Full Moon, Jan. 13th, 9:33 morn.

Last Quarter, Jan. 20th, 1:01 morn.

New Moon, Jan. 27th, 6:49 even.

Deaths.

In this city, 13th Inst., Arthur Raynor.
In this city, Jan. 15, John T. Cary, son of the late Charles and Amy Cary, in his 50th year.
In this city, 15th Inst., Hattie E. P., widow of the late Anthony Fisher, in her 50th year.
In this city, 15th Inst., Sarah J. (Murphy) Sullivan, widow of John J. Sullivan, in this city, 15th Inst., Arnold Spink, beloved husband of Louise E. Spink, in his 50th year.
In this city, 16th Inst., infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montellette.
In this city, 16th Inst., Margaret Constance Blenck.
In this city, 16th Inst., Louise B., widow of Benjamin F. Case, in her 72d year.
In this city, Jan. 18, Emma Jane E., wife of Elmer E., and mother of Elmer E. and Sarah E.
In Portsmouth, R. I., 18th Inst., Benjamin Archibald Chase, in his 44th year, son of the late Constant C. and Mary E. Chase.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Rev. William B. Sharp of North Tiverton conducted the services at the Center Methodist Church recently, supplying for Rev. Alice Haile. Congregations that completely taxed the seating capacity of the church featured both the morning and evening services. Block Island extended a royal welcome to one of her former leading citizens and in return the vast throngs present were treated to two beautiful and well delivered sermons. The subject of the morning message was "Listening Stones" and the topic for the evening's discourse was "Walking with God."

Lycerius Negus is taking a course at the Massachusetts College of Embalming.

Funeral

The funeral services for the late Simon Dodge, keeper of the Southeast Light for the past 41 years, were held Tuesday at 11 a. m. at the First Baptist Church, Rev. Winifred Arnold officiating. These services were preceded by prayer at the home at 10 a. m. Neptune Lodge, No. 26, I. O. O. F., of Block Island, of which Capt. Dodge was a number, attended in a body and conducted the burial rites at the Island cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in the town and several auto trucks were necessary to convey the vast number of floral tributes to the cemetery.

Capt. Simon Dodge, who was one of the most respected and beloved citizens of New Shoreham, died Saturday morning, Jan. 13th, at about 2 o'clock, at the home of his wife's sister, Mrs. Amos Tefft, at Wakefield, R. I., where he had been under treatment for the past few weeks.

He was born on Block Island April 4, 1853, the youngest of six children, to Welcome and Cornelia Dodge, lifelong residents of Block Island. He attended school on the island and then went fishing and farming until the age of 25, when he entered the Government service as second assistant to Capt. Webb Clark, who was the first keeper of the Southeast Light, which was established in 1873.

Following the death of Capt. Clark in 1881 he became keeper, holding the position until his death. In August, 1887, he married Bessie T. Clark, daughter of the late Capt. Webb Clark, who survives him, as does one son, Henry Dodge, and one sister, Mrs. W. W. Littlefield.

Bazaar and Supper a Big Success

The bazaar and supper given by the Mohegan Council, No. 10, O. U. A. M., last Monday night was a grand success from every angle. All during the evening the hall was crowded with citizens coming from all corners of the island, and at 10 p. m., when dinner was announced, it was necessary to resort to a "second sitting."

Excellent dance music was furnished by the Royal Blue and Gold Harmonizers all through the evening. The live pig contest was won by Oscar Willis and the big Mystery Box was captured by Clarence H. Lewis. Miss Northrop took the door prize. Twenty-five other special prizes were awarded during the evening.

Off for the Sunny South

Giles P. Dunn, Jr., Dwight A. Dunn and Joseph P. Malof left Block Island last Tuesday for Palm Beach, Florida, where they will sojourn for two months.

Installation

Elizabeth Robekah Lodge, No. 27, held its annual installation and supper last Wednesday night in Odd Fellows Hall. The following officers were installed by District Deputy President Armenian Mitchell, assisted by Deputy Grand Marshal Addie Smith.

Noble Grand—Amy Dodge,
Vice Grand—Gertrude Dodge,
Recording Secretary—I. Rose Sprague,
Financial Secretary—Gretchen Dodge.

Treasurer—Cora Hall,
Chaplain—Grace McClaren.

At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies the members of the lodge presented a cut glass vase to District Deputy President Armenian Mitchell.

MISS IRENE McCARTHY
American Sculptress Does
Statues of Great Men



Mrs Irene McCarthy, an American Sculptress, at work on a statue of Ireland in her studio in Washington.

PEACE COVENANT FOR EUROPE AT GENOA

Russia and Germany to Be Asked to Join Other Nation in Brotherhood, Premier Avers at Cannes

CHAMPS, France.—Premier Lloyd George announced on his departure for Paris that the whole object of the international economic conference at Genoa, now set for March 8, would be the formation of a great European peace pact, and that peace would be the first subject on the agenda of that meeting.

This unqualified declaration, in a special interview with the newspaper correspondents, came at the end of the Cannes session of the Supreme Allied Council. In Paris, Lloyd George will pick up the threads of the negotiations for an Anglo-French alliance, and will see President Millerand and Raymond Poincaré, who is forming the new Cabinet.

Although Lloyd George said that the Anglo-French treaty had not yet been fully worked out, he hoped that this would be possible before the Genoa gathering. Earlier, Lloyd George's reply to Italy regarding the Anglo-French treaty negotiations brought out that Italy had been excluded from those negotiations, but that in common with other nations of Europe, Italy was asked to join in the pan-European treaty of peace that will be the work of the Genoa gathering.

The Lloyd George note to Italy disclosed that both Russia and Germany, as well as all other European nations, would be asked formally to affix their signatures to the document or documents to be drawn up in Genoa in full view of the world, pledging their good faith to keep the peace of Europe and refrain from aggression against any neighbor. They will be invited, the note said, to join in a sort of European brotherhood of nations designed to wipe out international suspicion and end non-co-operation.

The Genoa conference becomes, therefore, a sort of a second Versailles, and Italy was asked by Lloyd George to postpone her desire to join France and England immediately, a treaty between whom has been "proposed for special reasons," and to join in the greatest spectacle to be staged on Italy's own soil.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—The Sunday "Express" declares it "understands" Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to Washington, "is about to retire."

DUBLIN.—Disaffection among the British auxiliary police force which is now being demobilized has taken a serious turn.

LIMA.—Great progress toward suppression of the insurrection in the interior of Peru is reported in official wireless dispatches to the government. The government forces have taken the important city of Iquitos, on the Marañon River, after four months' occupation by the insurgents.

PARIS.—Poincaré, former president, announced his acceptance of the post as head of the French government. He informed Millerand that he would be able to form a cabinet.

DUBLIN.—Arthur Griffith and the new Dail government are confronted with their first serious internal trouble—a general rail strike, with 23,000 workers planning to walk out.

MADRAS, INDIA.—The arrival of the Prince of Wales here was accompanied with rather serious rioting, resulting in several casualties. The rioting became so intense that the police interfered with armored cars.

BEXIA, TEX.—This oil town and the oil country surrounding it were placed under martial law by Governor P. M. Neff because of the alleged existence of open flag in violation of the law. Many offenders left the state.

NEW YORK.—The General Electric Company was charged by Samuel Untermyer before the Lockwood legislative committee with evading the excess profits tax through manipulation of its annual report.

PARIS.—Aristide Briand resigned from the premiership, and Raymond Poincaré, former president, will probably succeed him.

Led by a 12-year-old girl, who planted their raids and divided the loot, 11 boys whose ages range from 9 to 15 years, committed more than 50 of the approximately 100 break-ins and thefts from Chelsea, Mass., homes and stores during the last two months, according to beliefs expressed by the police of that city.

WILL HAYS TO QUIT CABINET

As Directing Head of Movie Producers and Distributors He Hopes to Improve Industry.

GAINS PRESIDENT'S CONSENT

Harding Says He Cannot Well Interpret Any Objection to Work So Important—To Be "Landis of Movies."

Washington.—Postmaster General Hays announced his decision to accept leadership of the motion picture industry. He will withdraw from the cabinet when the contract is executed and signed. After gaining the consent of the President to sever his connections with the administration, he arranged to meet the motion picture representatives in New York.

Agreement to head the picture producers and distributors was made conditional on the terms of the contract, concerning which Mr. Hays expects no difficulty. He has received a written memorandum setting forth the ambitions of the moving picture men for the development of the industry, and no understanding exists as to the financial compensation.

With the information that the postmaster general finally had made known his intention of resigning, congressmen and officials began to name candidates for the vacancy. The most pronounced movement favored the nomination of Dr. Hubert Work, first assistant postmaster general. Senator Harry S. New (Rep., Ind.) virtually eliminated his name from the slate, despite well informed opinion that President Harding desired his presence at the cabinet table. He announced he was not interested in a cabinet place, but would seek renomination to the senate.

Mr. Hays made public his tentative acceptance of the offer after conferring for three-quarters of an hour with the President. He made this statement:

"With the President's consent I have decided to undertake the work suggested by the motion picture producers and distributors. No contract has been executed as yet. I am assuming, of course, that a satisfactory contract will be possible and one which will make certain the carrying out of the high purposes contemplated for this great industry."

At the same time President Harding gave out the following:

"The postmaster general and I have been discussing at considerable length the proposal which has been made to him to become the head of a national association of motion picture producers and distributors. If the arrangement proves to be, when the details are worked out, what it seems to be, I cannot well interpose any objection to Mr. Hays retiring from the cabinet to take up a work so important. It is too great an opportunity for a helpful public service for him to refuse. I shall be more than sorry to have him retire from the cabinet, where he has made so fine a record, but we have agreed to look upon the situation from the broadest viewpoint and seek the highest public good."

Mr. Hays was unable to designate the exact time he will leave the cabinet. He has no desire to rush his departure, but believes that since the step has been taken he must burn the bridges.

The date for his assumption of the moving picture duties depends upon the desire of the producers and distributors and the details of the contract worked out. The meeting with the moving picture men may last one day or several. Following the acceptance, Mr. Hays will resign and make a trip to his home in Sullivan, Ind., and then return to New York.

Mr. Hays declines to name the salary attached to the offer. Information in New York has been that he will draw \$150,000 annually, the contract to run for three years.

From competent sources it was learned that if Mr. Hays and the motion picture interests agree upon details of the new arrangement and a final contract is signed within a month, Mr. Hays will tender his formal resignation from the Harding Cabinet to take effect on March 4.

ALLIES DEMAND WAR CRIMINALS

Germany Regards Summons as Poincaré's "First Blast."

Berlin.—The Allies have again thrown a monkey wrench into the machinery which was slowly bringing about a condition of orderliness in the political and economic life of Germany and Central Europe. They have demanded that the so-called war criminals be given up to the Allies. The Democratic German Zeitung calls it: "Poincaré's first trumpet blast against Germany."

HARDING IS FOR BONUS

Favors Bill to Provide Sure Method of Raising Money.

Washington.—President Harding made it known that he is opposed to the passage of any soldier bonus bill which does not provide for a sure method of raising the money without delay.

With the Republican leaders agreed that a bonus bill shall be passed by this Congress, the administration is at present leaning toward a general sales tax to defray the cost.

Jessie Hill, a Middlesex, Vt., and Irene McGinnis of Jericho, Vt., two young women who were hiking from Virginia to their homes in Vermont, became stranded in Concord, N. H., and were questioned by Marshal Kimball at the station. The young women were given a night's lodging in Penacook and then sent to their homes.

FRANCISCO S. LATOUR

Guatemalan Government's Representative in the U. S.



NEWBERRY SEATED BY SENATE, 46-41

Wills Resolution Denouncing Extravagance Adopted After Conference With Harding.

BITTER DEBATE DEVELOPS

Michigan Senator Sees "Vindication and Exoneration After Long Persecution"—Three Amendments to Oust Him Defeated.

Washington.—By only five votes, 40 to 41, the senate decided to retain Truman H. Newberry of Michigan as a member, but condemned the excessive use of money in his 1918 primary campaign as "being contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government."

With that pronouncement against the use of large sums of money in elections, incorporated in the original resolution to retain Mr. Newberry, the tide was turned in favor of the senator from Michigan. Up until this time Senator Willis of Ohio demanded such a statement of policy be made, the outcome was in doubt.

Prior to the final vote, the senate rejected, 46 to 41, three measures to oust Mr. Newberry. On every roll call the vote was identical, all but nine Republicans voting in favor of retaining Mr. Newberry.

For Seating Senator Newberry—46

Republicans, 45

Ball Brandegea McKinley

Brown McLean

Caldwell McNary

Cameron Now

Cunningham Nicholson

Curtis Odell

Dillingham Page

Edwards Pepper

Feltine Deacon

Fernald Shortridge

France Smoot

Fredenghuyson Spender

Gooding Standish

Hillin St. Gaudens

Hurd Townsend

Kellogg Washburn

Keyes Warren

Lorenzo Watson (Ind.)

Lodge Weller

McCormick Willis

Against Seating Newberry—41

Republicans, 9

Brown La Follette

Casper Norbeck

Costa (Wash.) Norris

Knox Rutherford

Ladd Democrats, 32

Ashurst Overman

Broussard Owen

Caraway Pinchot

Connally Roosevelt

Dale Ross

Fisher Robinson

Gerry Sheppard

Gloss Shadoff

Harris Simons

Hillin St. Gaudens

Hough Stanton

Hutchcock Tammell

Jones (N. Y.) Underwood

King Walsh (Mass.)

McKellar Walsh (Mo.)

Myers Williams

Six senators were paired, three Republicans, Crow of Pennsylvania; du Pont of Delaware, and Moses of New Hampshire, being paired for Senator Newberry, with Senators Kendrick of Wyoming; Stanley of Kentucky, and Reed of Missouri, against.

Three senators were absent and not voting. They were Senators Newberry and Johnson of California, Republicans, and Watson, Democrat of Georgia. Announcement was made originally that Senator Watson was paired with Senator Norbeck, but later it was announced on the floor that Senator Watson did not wish to pair, and Mr. Norbeck voted.

Senator Newberry issued the following statement:

"My heart is filled with thankfulness that the three years and four months of persecution have ended in complete vindication and exoneration of myself and all concerned."

The Willis amendment came like a bolt out of a clear sky, and it appearance followed a conference between President Harding and the senator from Ohio at the White House, at which Mr. Willis conceded the Newberry case was discussed. It immediately created a situation precipitating the wrath of the opponents of Mr. Newberry.

The resolution offered by Senator Spencer of Missouri, chairman of the Elections Committee which investigated the charges of Mr. Ford against Mr. Newberry, provided that the contest be dismissed and that Mr. Newberry be declared the "only elected" senator from Michigan. It made no mention of the funds expended in the campaign.

Grieving over the death of her child, Mrs. Lillian Hoffman, 25, walked to the Brigham cemetery in Marlboro, Mass., where an hour later she was discovered on the ice near the child's grave, unconscious from the iodine poisoning and nearly frozen. Physicians say she will probably recover.

Senator McCormick called on Secretary Hughes for data as to expenditure of foreign governments for the guidance of the United States should it decide to participate in the economic conference in Genoa.

In a memorial presented to President Harding the advisory council of the Federal Reserve System protest against legislation making mandatory the appointment of a "dirty" farmer as a member of the board, the President agreeing with the contention that such a measure would be objectionable class legislation.

Senator Smoot of Utah offered amendments to the Fordney tariff bill curtailing new plan for American valuation and fixing powers of President as relate to discriminatory duties.

House passed the bill to increase employees and salaries in the pension office.

The diplomatic reception at the White House since 1914 took place.

State Hughes and Mrs. Coolidge, President and Mrs. Coolidge, members of the diplomatic corps in Washington.

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Patricia's Happy Day

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

1931, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
"Why so pensive?" the new young minister asked of Patricia Love, who answered vaguely: "I'm just wondering."

"Wondering about what?" from the cleric.

"Oh! Whether it's more fun to be rich—or-wicked," from Patricia, solemnly. Then down she was laughing hard. She was given, you see, to laughing at most things and people—herself not barred. Her beauty, especially, although she was outwardly the pink and putty-colored child, were such and several, Merry Andrews of sorts.

Possibly because she lacked illusions regarding them. They were keen to marry, not the girl she was, but the one who could bring to them her father's prestige, hard clear vision, and influence, not to name a thing so material and gross as money. After that you will understand why Brother Dorset, after trying valiantly to look very much shocked, compromised with his cloth and his conscience by answering: "I doubt if you ever have the chance to find out. Rich you are—wicked you never could be!"

"Not so sure about that myself," Patricia flung back at him. "I had a blessed time once being worse than I ever dreamed I could be. Even yet remembering it I get thrills."

"Tell me about it!" the minister said. He was not merely a minister, not even merely a man. Rather a human being of all-around equipment, who took souls for granted and set about the saving of them with zest and diligence. Intelligent, but not intellectual, earnest, honest, ardent, sincere in love of God and man, he swayed and led his flock by the force of example, rather than the weight of reasoning.

Patricia puzzled him even as she was puzzled by him. Three months in the parish, he yet had shown no trace of adding himself to her list of victims. At first she had been rather relieved—to have had him slighting for her openly would have made the other women, old and young, hate her more than ever. They were none so kindly affectionated toward her, even without special cause—though their spiteful sayings rolled off her as water from a duck's back, it was on the whole, pleasant to keep terms of reasonable amiety. But when time made no change in Dorset, Patricia was a trifle piqued. He ought at the least to find her refreshing, in that she did not lay herself out for his entertainment, as did almost all the others.

"It is too bad to tell—almost," she said, smiling regally. "But, remember, I was five, motherless, mighty badly spoiled and just through having theumps. Mumps alone, as I recall it, is enough to excuse any of the seven deadly sins. You hate yourself for having anything so loathsome—and if you dare look at yourself, never do you quite regain virility enough to be healthy. Add that Aunt Lucy, was with us for a time—a try-out to see if she could stand that awful child-minding me. She seemed to be standing it beautifully—but I was not standing her at all. She dyed her hair, and wore young, frilly clothes—the pinks and blues and yellows I longed for, and was forbidden to have—"

"You dyed it, I suppose," Dorset commented. Patricia nodded. "Yes, also my hands and face, and most of my fine white dress. She insisted on white for small children, as though I did not feel more grown up than I thought she was. You see, she nagged and quarreled with servants, and was mean about money—things I can't abide. I made free with all her make-up—ever put on her false curls at one side, curled her best parasol and fan, and trailed her lace shawl behind me. Before she saw me I got to the middle of the room, hollered my head and said: Listen, people. I'm Miss Patricia Love, and all of you come to see me tomorrow—come to dinner, I'll have ice cream!"

"Then she swooped on me and tried to carry me out. I scratched her face and kicked so hard she dropped me and crumpled down all in a heap. Daddy came and took me upstairs, and said he ought to punish me. I think he ought to have done it—now. I didn't then, and he didn't. Maybe he hadn't the heart. It took the dye a month to wear off me, and I had to stay strictly at home until I was a white child once more. And fair time, with everybody going, and my Princess pony getting blue ribbons in all the rings! But even that didn't take away the thrill of it. I know I have great capacities for wickedness, even though I never realized them."

"How old was Aunt Lucy?" Dorset asked meditatively.

"Not really old at all—just dad's age," from Patricia. "But she never came again; yet now she writes me sweet letters and sends me all sorts of fine embroidered gifts. Wants me to visit her. She married rich and is a widow with loads of money and step-grandchildren, but I don't think I care very much. I'd have to laugh or cry; either would be bad form."

The impossible happens. That very evening came a message that sent the Lores, father and daughter, to the help of Aunt Lucy. A dam washed out, a

deadly flood—death and ruin up and down a long once-smiling valley made imperative summons. Mr. Love pleaded to go alone, Patricia was adamant. "I'm your daughter," she cried. "You owned part of the mills. Think I'll share when your people—our people—need help so much!" So she had her way, and for the next fortnight was truly a ministering angel. Oddly enough, her best comrade and help was Dorset. "My people have interests here," was all the explanation he gave. No brother could have been kinder, more thoughtful, more unlovable, to Patricia's great joy. She spoke truly when she said to him: "I wish we had been born brothers. I'm a misfit in petticoats, but might have made a decent enough man."

At that he smiled querulously, saying softly: "Fate—or God—knew best. You are turning out to be the heaven other women need. So don't fret. Maybe after a while we shall find crushed ways made straight and light shining across the dark."

Aunt Lucy had escaped unharmed, and bore up wonderfully under the strain. Not so her household. The two best beloved of her grandchildren whom she had virtually adopted, had been caught in the flood, and saved alive by the skin of their teeth. They were at a friend's house which the flood had spared, nobody allowed to see them but nurses and doctors. Patricia noted though that Dorset had always the latest news of them for poor Aunt Lucy, also that he now and then fell into a sort of a daze that aged him years. And presently she understood—the heart of so dangerously hurt was the heart of his heart—he had known her long and long—they were to have been married next year. So when he asked her to visit his betrothed and bring back the exact truth as to her hurts, she went gladly. Her report was simply: "She has seen herself, and now wants to see you. Quite sufficient anybody will agree. Then by way of avenging Aunt Lucy, Patricia, the outlaw, fell wildly in love with the grandson. There was a double wedding at which Aunt Lucy, her half snowy, smiled benediction like a Christ-mass angel.

STRANGEST OF ALPINE LAKES

Triangular Sheet of Water Whose Base Is Barred by Enormous Wall of Ice.

One of the most remarkable sights in Switzerland is the Marjelen-See, an Alpine lake, lying between the Great Aletsch and Fletcher glacers. Situated 7,700 feet above the sea-level, at the western bank of the Great Aletsch glacier, by which it is fed, it is triangular, says an exchange. The base of the triangle is barred by an ice wall 550 yards in length and 100 odd feet in depth, formed by the Aletsch glacier. The natural outlet is to the west through the Aletsch glacier, but when the water exceeds a certain level it has at its east end, the apex of the triangle, an additional outflow to the Fletcher glacier over a low divide, which at a normal level separates it from the drainage of the latter glacier. The lake thus possesses the peculiar feature of having two outlets in opposite directions; but to prevent the overflow unduly encroaching upon the adjacent pastures in the latter direction a tunnel 700 yards long and two square meters in section, is provided, by which the surplus water is discharged on the Fletcher glacier.

The most striking peculiarity of the Marjelen-See is that it empties itself at irregular intervals and within the space of a few hours through the wall formed by the Great Aletsch glacier.

"You were excusable, no matter what you did," Dorset interrupted. She dashed him a side glance, and went on: "Don't be rash! Wait and hear. She had a tea fight one afternoon—I wanted to take part in it. She wouldn't let me, because I had laid down kicking and screaming for an hour to prevent my hair being curled. It was yellow then, and right pretty, I fancy. That is—as it grew. The company saw it different," stopping with an elle smile.

"You dyed it, I suppose," Dorset commented. Patricia nodded. "Yes, also my hands and face, and most of my fine white dress. She insisted on white for small children, as though I did not feel more grown up than I thought she was. You see, she nagged and quarreled with servants, and was mean about money—things I can't abide. I made free with all her make-up—ever put on her false curls at one side, curled her best parasol and fan, and trailed her lace shawl behind me. Before she saw me I got to the middle of the room, hollered my head and said: Listen, people. I'm Miss Patricia Love, and all of you come to see me tomorrow—come to dinner, I'll have ice cream!"

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SWEEP AWAY IN AVALANCHE

Tragedy in American Northwest Graphically Described by Army Officer Who Led Party.

An American officer tells a moving story of sudden and swift destruction in our Northwest. It happened on a February day, when a warm sun and a Chinook wind from the Pacific were melting the snow. All along the trail, as the officer and his party wound up the mountain side, great masses of snow seemed to overhang them, and more than once the officer noticed how anxious the grizzly-hatted old guide seemed to be. Only a narrow path had been cleared through the snow, and the 20 miles followed one another in file.

Halfway up they came to four cabins occupied by miners. Three brawny men in red shirts stood at the door of one of the cabins talking as the party filed past. Salutes were exchanged, but the officer's party had no occasion to halt.

They had gone about three hundred feet, and were about to make a turn in the trail, when the leader halted to look back. The guide was ahead—the officer second. The line of miners was strung out for a quarter of a mile, and on foot among them were five packers, all halfbreeds.

The officer heard no shout of danger, no cry of alarm. With the swiftness of thought the snow, 500 feet up the mountain, began to move. The width of the avalanche was about half a mile, and it moved very rapidly. There were thousands of tons of snow, hundreds of trees, hundreds of great boulders.

In a few moments it was all over, and a cloud of what seemed smoke hung over the spot. It drove on down the mountain after two or three minutes, and the officer looked for his pack train.

Not a man nor a mule had escaped. He looked for the cabins and they, too, had disappeared. Indeed, the very trail had been swept down into the valley a mile below, and almost across it. For a space of half a mile wide there was neither tree nor shrub—not a yard of earth. The avalanche had ground its way down to the rocks.

New York Herald.

None Died of Laughter.

"Strange, when you come to think of it," says Max Beerbohm in "And Even Now," "that of all the countless folk who have lived before our time on this planet, not one is known to history or in legend as having died of laughter. Strange, too, that not to one of all the characters in romances has such an end been allotted.

"Hans it ever struck you what a chance Shakespeare missed when he was finishing the second part of 'King Henry the Fourth?' Falstaff was not the man to stand cowed and bowed while the young king lectured him and cast him off. Little by little, as Hal proceeded in that portentous allocution, the humor of the situation would have mastered old Sir John." His face, blank with surprise at first, would presently have glowed and widened and his whole bulk begun to quiver. Least he should miss one word, he would have monitored himself. But the boar words would have been the signal for the release of all the roars pent up in him; the welkin would have rung; the roars, belike, would have gradually subsided. In dreadful rumblings of more than utterable or conquerable might. Then and thus only might his life have been rounded off with dramatic fitness."

Browplow Pushed by Tractor.

A tractor-propelled snowplow has been developed in northern Michigan for use on snow-swept northern roads, says an illustrated article in Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is operated by two men controlling the individual units of plow and endless-track tractor. It is a huge affair, with a "wing" spread of 12 feet, throwing the snow six feet to either side. On each side of the forerunner sled is a large plow-share which turns the snow. Set at any desired angle are outboards which carry the snow to the sides of the road. The plow unit is adjustable for height by means of screws turned by hand-wheels. It makes a road suitable for motor traffic, or for sleighs of any width.

Small Birds Mob a Snake.

Noticing many small birds, chiefly sparrows, white checked bulbuls and wagtails, hovering round the base of a date palm and every now and then darting at it with much noise, I went to investigate. I found colled on the roots of the palm a green snake about three feet long, looking as though dead. It was absolutely inert, and its tail had been almost completely severed from the body about six inches from the tip. On closer inspection I noticed a flicker in the snake's eye, and on touching it with a piece of scrap iron which I picked up near by intending to kill it, it leaped forward like a flash of lightning, and then after a pause, dived into a stream and disappeared among the reeds.

SHARKS TAKEN OFF NEW YORK

Their Capture Said to Have Been a Regular Thing Prior to and During Year 1815.

A shark nowadays even on the most exposed beaches of New York and the metropolitan area is rarity and a curiosity, but there was a time when these fish used to be caught off Catharine slip, says the New York Sun. This was about 1815, when the fishing smacks and fish cars used to unload and load off this wharf in the East river and the dead fish thrown out into the water used to attract the sharks.

An old man, Sam Way, a porter in the old Catharine market, earned a reputation as a master shark catcher.

"Shark around the slip," was the cry that was raised when a shark was sighted off the pier and then Sam would drop his broom and put out his chisel hook and soon would have the giant fish struggling on the dock. He is said to have hauled to as many as seven in one day, some of them fourteen feet long.

Devoe, the historian, tells an incident which is passed on herewith without confirmation:

"One day Sam hooked a big one and he climbed into a skiff which lay tied to the end of the slip; the shark took to pulling and broke loose the skiff with Sam in, and away he went down the river at race-horse speed, nearly as far as Leed Hook before he tired out, or Sam could hold him up. He, however, dislodged him and brought him back, and Sam after that concluded not to be run away with again. So he stuck to the raft or dock when he fished for shark thereafter."

Housework Scars Reveal Brides.

"Show me their hands," said the assistant at the butcher shop, "and I'll tell you whether they're young brides or whether they've been at the cooking game for some time. The young girls who've only been initiated into the mysteries of the gas range show the scars of battle. It's a clinch that they had a number of burns. And the hands of the bride will show cuts, too, as a general thing. The perils of housework are many."

True Detective Stories

MIDNIGHT MURDER

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"THEN the only thing you have to go on is the fact that several people in Grafton street recall having heard a cry a few nights ago, and the old man hasn't been seen since."

"That's all, chief. If it weren't for the scream in the night—and they all agree that it was a blood-curdling cry—it would look like a plain case of disappearance. We've been all through the house, but of course we couldn't search it thoroughly without a regular warrant, and there's no ground for issuing one. Epstein may have wandered off somewhere to get away from his wife. She's a regular hellion, they say—though she was nice as pie to us."

John Kane, chief inspector of Scotland Yard, rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I'll take a run down to Grafton street myself as soon as I have 'got' these reports out of the way," stated Kane. "In the meantime keep an eye on the house, and let me know if anything develops."

When Kane approached the house on Grafton street later in the evening, one of his men reported that there were indications of activity inside the place.

"Looks like they were getting ready to go away or something," said the operative. "There's a dray coming up now. Wouldn't be surprised if the woman, alarmed at our snooping around, is preparing for a getaway."

Kane said nothing, but edged closer to the house. From the meager information at his disposal, he was not at all inclined to credit the theory that a crime had been committed. But there would be no harm in looking things over, particularly if Mrs. Epstein was intending to move.

From the driver of the dray, Kane obtained the information that the luggage was to be taken to Charing Cross whence to be shipped across the channel. The tags were on the various articles, and it was not until the last piece was brought out of the house that Kane noted anything out of the ordinary. Then he motioned to his men to close in.

"Take that chest back into the house," he ordered. "Let's see what's in it!"

"What right have you to give such orders?" demanded a voice from the doorway, and the Scotland Yard man, looking up, caught a glimpse of a tall, gaunt woman glaring down at him from the threshold.

"The right of an officer of the crown to investigate suspicious circumstances," retorted Kane. "I happened to be the chief inspector of Scotland Yard, and, as your husband recently disappeared, I desire to know what is in that box."

It was in the dim, barely-furnished parlor of the house that Kane directed the chest to be placed. The flickering yellow light of a single gas jet cast a ghostly illumination over the scene, and even Kane's iron nerves were shocked when the lid of the box was thrown back, and what appeared to be a ghost sat up and leered out into the room! It was the body of the missing man, the upper portion of the trunk attached to the lid of the box in such a manner that, when the top was thrown back, the body sprang into a sitting posture, as if it were alive again.

"Even Mrs. Epstein, hardened as she was, cried out at the apparition and then fainted away.

"Quick!" directed Kane. "Find out how the man was killed!"

"A thrust of some long, thin instrument through the heart," reported one of the detectives. "A drop of blood on his chest is the only indication of foul play, but that's what did it, all right. Not a stiletto or a dagger, though. The puncture isn't large enough for that."

The chief inspector examined the wound for a moment carefully, and then, stepping across to where the fainting woman lay, began to fumble with something in her hair.

"Throw some water in her face," he ordered, "and then stand back. I want to find out something before she gets a chance to recover her nerve."

As the woman's eyes opened, she became aware, first, of the body of her dead husband staring at her with sightless, accusing eyes. Then she saw the chief inspector, standing in front of her, examining under a pocket magnifying glass—something that shone and glittered in the light of the jet directly above it.

An instant later Kane stood over her, his finger indicating the thing he held in his hand.

"Why did you kill your husband at midnight, four days ago?" he demanded. "Yes, you did! There's no use denying it! We have witnesses who heard the scream. We have proof that you were alone in the house with him. We know that he had a considerable sum of money concealed on the premises and—he's his voice because the voice of doom—"I have here the weapon with which the murder was committed, your hatpin, with a tiny bit of the dead man's blood clotted close to the head where you neglected to wipe it off!"

Some months later, Mrs. Epstein was sentenced to penal servitude for life, while the hatpin was added to that gruesome collection which adorns the archives of Scotland Yard.

His Busy Days.

Many a man can't settle down to enjoy life because he's kept too busy raising the cash to settle up.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

All persons desirous of having visitors introduced into their residence or places of business should make application to the office, 302 Thames Street, our Thomas.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

WHY

Were Great Cities of Central America Depopulated?

These Indians (the Mayas) of the Yucatan and adjacent territory) tamed the wet tropics and developed one of the great civilizations of the world. Herbert J. Spinden writes in *The World's Work*. In the area of the first empire of the Mayas there were greater cities than any in Central America today—there were millions of people in regions where now there are only thousands. This area was one of the most densely populated parts of the world between 200 and 600 A.D. Then a calamity came and swept these cities clean. Was it yellow fever?

In those a people whose lives depended on water kept in cisterns and on agriculture developed to meet the demands of a tremendously centralized population. An invisible death like yellow fever would strike them with uncontrollable panic. We have only to read the annals of fear when our own southern states felt the dreadful visitations—the fleeing multitudes, the paralyzed commerce, death from hunger and exposure, picket lines where men shot to kill.

The world was recently startled by a story of disordered migrations in hunger-stricken Russia. In 600 A.D. the Maya empire may have witnessed this thing in still more intense form.

SUN'S EFFECT ON MAN'S WORK

How Toller's Capacity Increases as the Days Grow Longer—Less Production in Winter.

It has been found that there is a distinct relation between one's capacity for work and the intensity of the light in which that work is performed, says a writer in the London *Answers*.

After the sun turns northward, for instance, at the close of the year, the gradual increase of the natural light leads to a rise in the average man's working power. This rise continues throughout the spring, and is arrested only when the summer heat begins to have its effect.

During the hot months the favorable influence of the light is a good deal counteracted by the enervating temperature; but when, in the late summer and early autumn, the temperature has fallen, the capacity for work again increases.

Then, when the dark days return, the effect is seen in the diminished output of the worker. This apparently becomes more noticeable if the weather is unusually cold, with the darkness.

A dark, cold winter, therefore, is much more likely to affect one's working capacity adversely than a dark, warm one. There is an additional advantage with the latter, it seems to the writer, namely, that a dark, warm winter would mean a lower air pressure than if the winter were cold. This lower air pressure would most probably be good for the health of both the manual and brain worker.

A warm winter would no doubt be a fairly dark one, as it would mean winds from a southerly quarter. Such winds, coming from the warm ocean, would be cloud-laden, and the result would be darker days. This would apply especially to large cities and towns, whose air in the winter time is so full of smoke and other light-screening impurities.

Why Bridal Orange Blossoms

Various theories have been given regarding the use of orange blossoms as bridal ornaments. The custom is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the crusaders from the East, the Saracens being accustomed to wear orange wreaths at their marriage. To this objection was raised that, although the orange tree was brought to England as early as 1200, it was long before there was any real cultivation of it even in greenhouses. A second theory is that orange blossoms came to be worn by brides on their marriage because they were not only sweet, but also were rare and costly and so within the reach of only the noble and rich, that indicating the bride to be of high rank. A third is that orange bridal wreaths had their origin in Spain, where oranges have been cultivated for centuries. Thence the fashion passed to France, and by means of French military was spread to other lands.

How Food for Navy is Protected

Commissary supplies for the United States navy are inspected by the United States Department of Agriculture, which is strictly observing that our sailor boys obtain good food. During the last year its inspectors stationed at the various navy yards, bases of supplies and naval hospitals examined a total of 29,890,370 pounds of fruits and vegetables for the navy. Of the amounts inspected, 2,012,370 pounds were rejected, cuts amounting to 114,902 pounds were made, and 25,011 pounds were found to be of short weight. In addition to this work, 1,271,472 pounds of fruits and vegetables were inspected for the trading corps in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and San Diego.

CHIMNEY-CORNER SCHOOL BIG AID

Latest Information on All Subjects is Available for Improving Farm Work.

MANY BULLETINS PUBLISHED

Important That Farmer Should Read Up on Textbooks for Purpose of Making Better Crops and Raise Better Stock.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Old pioneer stories tell of boys who, after working all summer in the clearing, attended school in the winter. Conditions have changed but little today so far as we spare time for study in the summer is concerned, but winter still offers its opportunities, and no matter how old or young the farmer is he can generally find time at this season for a few extra ticks at "reading up" on some phase of farming that will come in handy next year.

A School Around Fireplace

His schoolhouse may well be in his own chimney corner. He has a wide range of subjects to pick from and is bound to find something on practically every question of farming with



To Chimney-Corner College of Agriculture May Well Be Coeducational.

which he is concerned. During the year there have been printed a considerable number of good textbooks on farming. The United States Department of Agriculture, as well as the various state agricultural colleges, has embodied in bulletins the results of long and patient labor on various things pertaining to farming, and have put into type facts that will mean dollars to the farmer who learns them and puts them into practice.

Of course, this chimney-corner school of agriculture allows its students much leeway. The curriculum is largely elective. The farmer may study one subject and leave another alone, as his interest and his business may dictate.

The Department of Agriculture has been publishing bulletins for a great many years. Hundreds of Farmers' Bulletins have been issued and every one of them discusses something that means money or better living to a large class of farmers. Many of the subjects have been supplemented and localized by state agencies—the agricultural college or the state department of agriculture.

There is no reason why any farmer may not have all the scientific information that exists on all phases of agriculture that mean anything in his particular operations. All he has to do is to read and study by his own fireside. If he needs tutoring, there is the county agent, whom he can consult when he goes to town on Saturday—or he might possibly have the agent out to supper and a session by the fireside some night.

The Department of Agriculture has printed lists of its various publications. Any farmer—or any city dweller or suburbanite who is interested in chickens or a garden or any of the things that pertain to farming—can have a copy merely by writing for it. Then he can mail the checked list to the Department of Agriculture, and the bulletin checked will be sent to him without charge. There are a few bulletins the supply of which has become exhausted and copies are no longer given away, but they may be bought for a few cents each from the superintendent of documents at Washington. The procedure is explained on the list that is furnished by the department.

It Pays to Go to School

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It should be mentioned, too, that this chimney-corner college of agriculture is coeducational. A large number of the bulletins are devoted to household subjects. They contain information that will enable the farmer's wife better to carry her half of the load—to feed the family better with less work, to realize more for the portion of the farm output that comes under her direction, to have the minimum of inconvenience in the house and to get the maximum of comfort out of it—a thousand things that will help along in making farm life pleasanter and more profitable.

Burmese Bazaar

The Burmese, because of the income they get from raising rice, are not so poor as most Oriental people, and their bazaars are the eastern equivalent of shopping emporiums. A bazaar at Mandalay covers several acres.

EGG-EATING HEN IS DIFFICULT TO CURE

Cut Her Head Off as Habit Is Practically Incurable.

Providing Well-Balanced Ration Is Insurance Against Development of Practice—Causes for Feather Pulling.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

An egg-eating hen is a hen that is liable to corrupt the rest of the flock with her unscrupulous actions regarding rations. She should be removed to a place where her example will have no effect on her sisters, or she should have her head cut off, for the habit is practically incurable. Poultrymen of the United States Department of Agriculture say it can be prevented by taking proper precautions.

Eating eggs begins usually when an egg has been broken in the nest, or when it has been cracked by freezing and then thawed out. Keeping the nests well supplied with straw or other nesting material will reduce the danger of breaking, and darkening them will reduce the chances of broken eggs being found by hens. It is a good idea to gather the eggs twice a day in cold weather so that none will be frozen.

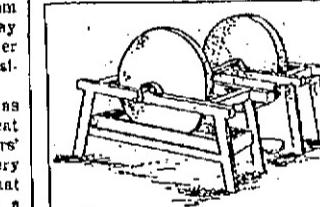
Hens that are not properly fed will have a ravenous appetite for eggs, both the shells and the contents, so that providing a well-balanced ration is some insurance against the development of the habit. In winter there is particular danger that some lack in the feed will develop an abnormal appetite, so plenty of natural matter, such as meat scraps, and lime in the form of oyster shells or bone, should be taken to provide it.

Another bad habit enjoyed by these detestable hens is feather plucking from themselves or from other members of the flock. Improper feeding, insect pests, and too close confinement are the usual causes for starting this habit. But it is not so hard to cure as egg eating. A plentiful supply of animal and green feed and good range or plenty of exercise and feeding in a deep litter, and freedom from insect pests will usually bring the fowls back to a normal appetite.

FLY-WHEEL AIDS GRINDSTONE

Jerky Movement That Is Destructive to Good Work on Ax or Chisel Is Eliminated.

To sharpen tools many people have to turn the grindstone without assistance, using the foot on a cradle and the hands on the article to be sharpened. This gives a jerky movement to the stone that is destructive to good work in putting an edge upon an ax or chisel. One needs a fly-wheel, and this can cheaply be found in a second stone of cement, and mounted



Fly-Wheel Steadies Grindstone.

on a frame beside the grindstone, as shown. Make a circle of stiff pasteboard upon a smooth surface and fill in with cement, with a few old wires to bind the whole together. Extend the iron shaft of the grindstone to enter the cement, with a square section made on the shaft, but leaving the shaft round on either side for bearings—*Farm Journal*.

MILKING THREE TIMES DAILY

Additional Amount of Milk and Butterfat May Hardly Pay the Extra Expense.

Cows milked and fed three times daily will produce more milk and the average test will be higher than though they were milked only twice. The rule is that milking three times daily is advisable where records are being made, or where cows are milking so largely it is burdensome for them to carry their milk-making nutrients for periods of twelve hours each. Under practical conditions the question of time is the determining factor. It costs more to milk three times daily than only twice and if extra help must be hired the additional amount of milk may hardly pay the extra expense.

HERDS HEADED BY PUREBREDS

Cow Testing Associations in West Reach Mark of 100 Per Cent—Plans to Use Scrub.

One—two—three! One cow-testing association in Washington, two in Colorado, and three in Idaho have reached the mark of 100 per cent of their herds headed by purebred bulls. This was the count in the spring of 1921 in the territory of the western office of the dairy division of the United States Department of Agriculture. In the fall of this year one-third of the associations in the western states were 100 per cent in their use of purebred bulls. In some localities it is coming to be considered a disgrace for anyone to use a scrub bull.

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NOTES AND QUERIES

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1922

NOTES

The Verrazzano Letter to the King
France

(Continued from Mercury of Dec. 24)

Among them were two kings, more beautiful in form and stature than can possibly be described; one was about forty years old, the other about twenty-four, and they were dressed in the following manner: The oldest had a deer skin around his body, artificially wrought in damask figures; his head was without covering; his hair was tied back in various knots; around his neck he wore a large chain ornamented with many stones of different colors. The young man was similar in his general appearance. This is the finest looking tribe, and the handsomest in their costumes that we have found in our voyage. They exceed us in size and they are of a very fair (?) complexion; some of them incline more to a white (bronze) and others to a tawny colour; their faces are sharp; their hair long and black, upon the adorning of which they bestow great pains; their eyes are black and sharp, their expression mild and pleasant, greatly resembling the antique. I say nothing to your Majesty of the other parts of the body, which are all in good proportion and such as belong to well formed men. Their women are of the same form and beauty, very graceful, of fine countenances and pleasing appearance in manner and modesty; they wear no clothing except a deer skin, ornamented like those worn by the men; some wear very rich lynx skins upon their arms, and various ornaments upon their heads, composed of braids of hair, which also hang down upon their breast on each side. Others wear different ornaments such as the women of Egypt and Syria use. The older and the married people, both men and women, wear many ornaments in their ears, hanging down in the Oriental manner. We saw upon them several pieces of wrought copper, which is more esteemed by them than gold, as this is not valued on account of its color, but is considered by them as the most ordinary of the metals—yellow being the colour especially disliked by them; azure and red are those in highest estimation with them. Of those things which we gave them they prized most highly the bells, azure crystals and other toys to hang in their ears and about their necks. They do not value or care to have silk or gold stuffs, or other kinds of cloth, nor implements of steel or iron.

(To be continued)

OLD FORT GREENE

(Providence Journal)

Although no opposition to a bill for the transfer of old Fort Greene to the city of Newport is anticipated, the Rhode Island delegation in Congress should follow the measure carefully in order that it may not be lost in the press of business which sometimes interferes with desirable legislation.

The property is of no value to the Government for military purposes, but it is of use as an open space to the people of Newport. Under municipal supervision it has afforded pleasure to thousands of visitors. It is difficult to find any argument for its utilization for commercial purposes. The only condition that the Government should impose is one forbidding commercial exploitation of the site.

Fort Greene is ideal for park purposes for the reason that it fronts on the water and is in a locality rich in historical associations. It is at the northern end of Washington street, one of the most interesting thoroughfares in New England. The Colonial houses, which were occupied by Admiral De Ternay and other distinguished officers from France, are well preserved; progress has not removed the landmarks which appeal to readers of the history of Newport's part in the American Revolution and of the invaluable aid given by the forces under Rochambeau.

Fort Greene, of course, was a factor in the defense of the city while the French forces were awaiting orders to march with Washington to Yorktown. Thus the public-spirited citizens of Newport can well afford to see that its history is recorded in bronze when the property is obtained from the Government.

If Ford is given possession of Muscle Shoals in Alabama he proposes to build a city seventy-five miles long. The maker of flivvers has many ambitious projects on foot. We hope they will not spoil in the cooking.

They have a rare genius in Massachusetts; a member of the legislature has resigned because he feared he would not be able to earn his salary. It would be well to have a lusney commission pass on his case.

Tuesday, January 17th, was the 216th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, America's greatest statesman, and the uncle of the founder of the Mercury.

The Sons of Jacob.

The 12 sons of Jacob, in the order of their seniority, were as follows: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph and Benjamin.

Farming in Iceland.

Iceland counts farming as one of her leading industries. She excels in sheep-raising and in dairying. Iceland exports about \$270,000 worth of butter in a year.

Friday Dreams Come True.

A Friday night dream, if told to a friend on Saturday morning, is believed in many parts to be a sure sign of what is to take place.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

At the Probate Court held at the town hall on Monday, January 18, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of John Dring.—There were two petitions before the Court for the appointment of administrator. Isabella Dring, widow, filed her petition to be appointed first. Later another petition was filed, signed by Philip Dring and other children and grandchildren, praying for the appointment of George W. Callahan. Isabella Dring was represented by William R. Harvey, as counsel. The other petitioners had no counsel. Mr. Harvey stated to the Court that the law gave to Mrs. Dring a right to be appointed, superseding all others. She was entitled to one-half the personal estate and her interest was greater than that of any other petitioner. She would have to give bond and would be under the direction of the Probate Court. Phillip Dring and others, who signed the second petition, opposed the appointment of Isabella Dring and desired an outside person not interested in the estate. They asked for the appointment of George W. Callahan, as a competent and judicious person, who would be just and impartial in his administration of the estate. After an extended hearing Mr. Callahan suggested that both Isabella Dring and George W. Callahan be appointed, and they were. Bond was required in the sum of \$75,000 and the American Surety Company of New York was accepted as surety. George W. Bacheller, Jr., William Stevens and Thomas B. Congdon were appointed appraisers.

Estate of David Coggeshall.—The fifth and final account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Carrie L. Peckham.—The first and final account of Edward E. Peckham, executor, was referred to the third Monday in February, with an order of notice.

Estate of Mary E. Tucker.—The petition of Elmer Tucker to prove her will and for letters testamentary to be granted to him, as Executor, was referred to the third Monday in February, and notice of its pendency directed to be given.

In Town Council the several accounts of the City of Newport for use of its apparatus in extinguishing fires in Middletown, since July, 1921, were referred to the Financial town meeting to be held on the second Saturday in March.

Charles S. Ritchie was appointed a committee to obtain information in relation to the cost of purchasing apparatus for lighting fires.

Howard R. Peckham, the representative of the town in the General Assembly, came before the Council and stated that the phraseology of the Act approved by the Council at its December meeting, and being an Act to enable the Council to appoint a Chief of Police, would have to be changed by the substitution of shall for may, making the appointment mandatory. The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives refused to report the Act for passage in its present form. It was voted to change the words as required by the Judiciary committee.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Alden P. Barker, for groceries furnished Seraphine Perry, \$10.52; Luis Louison, for groceries furnished Seraphine Perry, \$11.00; Geo. Bowen Coal Co., for half-ton of coal furnished Seraphine Perry, \$8.35; Mary E. Manchester, for assistance in Town Clerk's office for four weeks, \$40.00; David J. Byrne, for 12 fungitators, \$6.00; Chase & Chase, for binding two tax registers, and furnishing one record book, \$7.15; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at town Hall during month of December, \$2.10; New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., for use of three telephones during month of January, \$7.81.

The regular meeting of the public school committee was held on Monday evening with all the members present.

The resignation of Mrs. Henry Ellis, teacher of the Witherbee School, was read and accepted with regret to take effect February 3, the end of the mid-year term. Mrs. Ellis has taught for a number of years in the town, first at Oliphant, and later at the Paradise, and for the past year and a half at the Witherbee School. Her work has been much appreciated by the committee. Superintendent Joel Peckham has several candidates in view to fill the vacancy.

It was reported that the seats at the addition to the Oliphant School were placed on Monday. When the blackboards are replaced the new room will be ready for occupancy. No formal opening will be held, but it is expected that the public will be given a chance to see the completed room on some Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Phoebe Edmundson will occupy that room with 30 small children. The Principal, Miss Wagner, has 24, and Miss Annie G. Sherman has 40 in the primary grade. The committee had prepared an outline of its budget for the coming year, as requested by the town council. The clerk, Mr. Joel Peckham, will meet the town's budget committee, prepared to answer any questions they may wish to ask in regard to the figures presented by the school committee.

Two letters were read from Rowan Mountain, Tennessee, written to the Witherbee School, thanking the children for the Christmas box which they received just in time for Christmas. The board adjourned at a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Austin and Mr. Floyd Austin have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Vining of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Vining is now division passenger agent of the Southern Railway system. Mr. Vining and Mr. Floyd Austin were in the navy together during the war.

Mrs. Robert W. Kerr left on Wednesday morning for St. Louis, where she will join her husband, Major Robert W. Kerr, U. S. A.

Little Ida Condon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Congdon, is ill at Newport Hospital.

Mrs. Arthur Barker, Captain of the Forget-Me-Not troop of Girl Scouts, interviewed twenty-two members of the troop at her home. At the close

the tenth lesson in the series in home hygiene by Mrs. Jeanette A. Child, Community Red Cross nurse. It is expected that the Forget-Me-Not troop will give an entertainment on February 14 in the Berkeley Parish House.

Mrs. Harry E. Peckham entertained the Paradise Club at her home on Wednesday afternoon. The program was in the form of a musical in charge of the hostess.

Invitations have been issued to the members of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches to be present at the opening of the new parish house of the Methodist Episcopal church of Portsmouth.

At an all-day meeting of the St. Mary's and Holy Cross branch of the Women's Auxiliary, the members worked on layettes for the mountaineers of the South. In the afternoon an election of officers was held with the following results:

President—Mrs. Pebe Manchester.

First Vice President—Mrs. Clarence C. Thurston.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Elliott.

Secretary—Mrs. Daniel Chase.

Treasurer—Mrs. George W. Thugton.

Treasurer of United Offering—Miss Charlotte Chase.

Mrs. Philip S. Wilbur will represent the Church Periodical Club and anyone having books or magazines to dispose of may send word to her or to Rev. Mr. Magoun of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Mrs. Pascal M. Conley was elected Secretary of the box work.

Rev. James P. Conover addressed the meeting.

A large number of persons gathered at the town hall recently to witness the installation of the newly elected officers of Aquidneck Grange. Mr. Charles Gardner of Springfield, Mass., High Priest of Demeter, assisted by Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, as Marshal, Mrs. Henry C. Sherman and Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham, installed the following officers:

Worthy Master—Russell M. Peckham.

Overseer—Stephen P. Barker.

Lecturer—Mrs. Joseph A. Murphy.

Steward—Lawrence S. Peckham.

Assistant Steward—Gordon D. Oxx.

Chaplain—Robert L. Purcell.

Secretary—Miss Mary E. Manchester.

Treasurer—Daniel A. Peckham.

Gate Keeper—Stuart Purcell.

Ceres—Mrs. Lawrence S. Peckham.

Pomona—Miss Doris I. Frye.

Flora—Miss Elsie L. Peckham.

Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Dorothy C. Peckham.

Mr. William J. Peckham announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Eleanor Conover, to Mr. Robert S. Chase. Miss Peckham is at present in training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

An informal reception was given at the home of Mrs. Charles B. Weaver Tuesday evening, in honor of Rev. James P. Conover and Mrs. Conover.

Mr. Conover has recently accepted a call to St. Mary's Church. They were assisted in receiving their many guests by their daughter, Miss Eleanor Conover. Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Muirhead of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. and Mrs. James H. S. Fair and Mrs. Edward Sturtevant of the Berkeley parish. An orchestra, composed of Benjamin Thurston, William Chase and Miss Ethel Power, furnished music. Ice cream, cake and punch were served by the men of the Community Club.

The Wild Rose troop of Girl Scouts were presented recently with a silk American flag by the Women's Relief Corps of the Layton-Warren Post. This is the first troop of Girl Scouts to receive a flag from the Corps, although the Boy Scouts have received flags. The Captain, Mrs. Arthur Anthony, responded for the gift, and expressed the thanks for the troop.

Large quantities of quahogs, beach clams and other sea foods have been thrown up on the shore by the recent storm.

Kenya an Ancient Land.

Though Kenya calls itself the newest of the British colonies, it is one of the oldest lands of the earth. Theodore Roosevelt, in speaking of his African hunting trip, said that the Masai often reminded him of the pictures of the soldiers of Thothmes and Ramses made by the ancient Egyptian sculptors, in that their faces were resolute and had clear-cut features. The same noted traveler said of this tribe that though the women were scrupulously clothed, "the husbands and brothers very ostentatiously wear no clothing, for purposes of decency."

The big cut in the New Haven train service takes place one week from Sunday. The slaughter of trains at that time it is said will be tremendous. Some 1200 miles of passenger train service out of Providence will be cut off.

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Candidates for Junior Course who are certified graduates of approved high schools and present recommendations from principals will be admitted to registration on Monday, January 30,

Normal School graduates as candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Education will register Tuesday, January 31.

For further information, apply to the President.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury of January 20, 1872

The cold weather of the past week has enabled our dealers to get in a good supply of ice. Mr. Jacob Weaver has secured about 2000 tons, Mr. John H. Greene about 800 tons and Mr. William G. Peckham about 600 tons.

Thomas S. Bryce and family of this city are registered at Paris, William H. Bateman at Nice, John B. Newton and William G. Turner at Rome, and Horace Allen at Jerusalem.

The Newport Brass Band have secured the services of Prof. J. F. O. Smith as instructor. He is represented as a first class musician, who has had several years experience as leader of a band in Charles City, Iowa.

Our neighbors in Providence are having a touch of small pox. Some five or six cases have appeared during the past week.

The corporation of Brown University today elected Rev. Ezekiel Gilman Robinson, D. D., President of the University in place of Rev. Alexis Caswell, resigned.

The Rev. Samuel Adlam is now at the Hotel D'Allemagne in the city of Rome.

Mr. Thomas R. Minturn died in Brooklyn on Tuesday last, aged 64 years. Mr. Minturn's ancestors were residents of Newport, his father, Jonas, was born here, but moved to New York, where he became one of the leading merchants of the city. He was a brother of the late Mrs. Thomas R. Hazard and Mrs. Edward Meyer.

The Naval Register for 1872 contains the names of the following naval officers which are familiar to Newport, many of them being natives: Rev. Admiral William Rogers Taylor, President of the Board of Examiners of the Torpedo Station; Commodore John J. Almy, chief signal officer, Washington, D.C.; Commander K. Randolph Breese, commanding Frigate Plymouth; Lieutenant William T. Swinburne to the Michigan, Lt. Benjamin F. Tilley, Lancaster, Lt. Richard C. Derby, waiting orders.

Married in Fall River, on the 15th, by Rev. D. C. Eddy, Mr. James B. Tenant of this city to Miss Emma C. Fish of Portsmouth.

90,000 emigrants left Germany last year for the United States. Many of them came to Newport.

Mr. Henry H. Fay has purchased the Choules estate on Pelham street for \$9,800.

The Origin of a Popular Saying

What do you mean, Col. said S. S. Cox to Fisk, "by the woodbine twin?" To which interrogatory Fisk responded: "You see, I was before that learned and dignified body, the committee on banking and currency, and when Garfield asked me where the money got by Corbin went I could not make a vulgar reply and say 'up spout,' but observing, while peddling through New England, that every spout of a house or cottage had a woodbine twining about it I said naturally enough 'where the woodbine twineth.'

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Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office, November 1st, A. D. 1921.